

THE TIMES.



VOL. IV. No 13.}

GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending April 2, 1859.

Whole No. 166.

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

None but a man of real ability can depart from the ordinary rules of war without subjecting his movements to public censure and perhaps bringing on himself indelible reproach. According to general experience and ordinary prudence, Greene ought to have pursued his retreating foe, already crippled and almost at his mercy, instead of directing his efforts against another, at a great distance, strongly posted and yet unimpaired in strength; but he determined otherwise, and the nation soon applauded the soundness of his judgment.

As soon as his decision was made, he sent off an express to Jefferson, Governor of Virginia, to furnish fifteen hundred militia without delay, and Singleton was sent into the same State to procure artillery. Magazines were ordered to be formed on the Catawba; the partisan officers of N. and South Carolina were urged to be in readiness for any occasion that might occur; and every practicable arrangement was made for the supply of provisions. Having to pass through an almost wilderness country, now in the hands of the enemy, with few inhabitants and no surplus means of support, constant vigilance and activity were necessary to guard against danger. He left Ramsey's mill on the 7th of April, and, after a detention of four or five days at the Pee Dee, for the want of boats, he arrived in the vicinity of Camden, on the 19th of the same month. With his characteristic energy and decision of character, he soon offered the enemy battle; but it was then declined. Camden is situated on a gentle elevation and between two swamps, one on the south and the other on the west. The place was thus protected by the Wateree river and Pinetree creek, with their swamps. It was farther secured against assault by a chain of redoubts at every accessible point, and the defences were completed by strong lines of stockade in the rear. After a careful reconnoitre, Greene was satisfied that any attempt to take the place by storm, without battering cannon, would be fruitless, and all he could do was to select a position which might tempt the enemy from his stronghold. For this purpose, he took post on an elevation and within half a mile of the British lines; but Rawdon shewing no disposition to accept this challenge, he retired a mile and a quarter further to a place called Hobkirk's hill, where, with his left covered by a large and densely wooded morass, and his right by an almost impenetrable thicket, he stationed himself for the present. Marion and Sumpter, with other officers, hardly less enterprising though of inferior rank, had been for some time harassing the enemy by so adroitly cutting off their supplies and interrupting their communication with Charleston that they were now in considerable straits. Aware of this, General Greene had, on entering South

Carolina, despatched Lee to co-operate with Marion; and, with their united corps, they soon captured Fort Watson. This auspicious beginning had a happy effect on the whole army, but alarmed the British, who were becoming very uneasy by the almost daily increase of Greene's forces, and determined Rawdon to run upon the risks rather than wait danger.

On the morning of the 25th, a convoy, bringing supplies of artillery and provision, arrived in the American camp, and the whole army officers and men, were most intently engaged in satisfying the demands of hunger, when the unex-

pected sound of fire-arms interrupted the pleasurable repast. Instantly they were summoned to arms by the roll of the drums, and, in a few moments, they were formed in battle array. The combatants were nearly equal in numbers, and the cheerful bearing of the Americans gave their commander strong hopes of success. Only eight hundred and forty-three of the regular infantry were reported fit for duty; and Washington had only fifty-six men who were mounted. The artillery corps, under Col. Harrison, did not comprise men enough, it is said, to work three pieces, and the militia numbered only two hundred and fifty. Lord Rawdon, who was a bold and enterprising but wary officer, numbered about nine hundred, of whom some of the men and probably most of the officers were British, but the majority were loyalists, who, however, were good marksmen and had been so long in the service that they might be regarded as veterans. Greene's camp was on a narrow elevation, and the main road leading to Camden, passed through the centre of his lines.

This was covered by the artillery, which had arrived in time to be brought into service; and, in order to conceal it from the enemy, the two parts of the line were closed in the road. Believing that Greene would have no artillery, Rawdon had brought none with him, and was consequently enabled to advance by a route on which artillery could not be used. The two Virginia

regiments, under Gen. Huger, were on the right or west side of the road, and the two of Maryland, on the left or east side. The first of Virginia, led by Col. Campbell, was on the extreme right, and the 2d of Maryland, led by Colonel Ford, on the extreme left. The 2d of Virginia, under Col. Hawes and the 1st of Maryland, under Gunby, formed the centre. Col. Washington and the militia, under Col. Reid, were kept at the foot of the hill, in the rear, and formed the reserve. The British line was composed of the 32d regiment on the right, the New York volunteers in the centre, and the king's American regiment on

the left. Their right was supported by the volunteers of Ireland, and the left by a detachment under Capt. Robinson. A South Carolina regiment with the cavalry formed nearly half the line and caused it to present a narrow front. Rawdon, taking a lesson from the Americans, had formed flanking parties of loyalists, who were good riflemen, and this gave him great advantage in the conflict. Owing to the route by which Rawdon advanced, his approach could not be announced, except by the videttes who were nearly a mile from the encampment. The picket guards, under Morgan and Benson, gave them a warm reception, and, then, retiring deliberately, rallied under Kirkwood, who, with the remnant of his Delaware Blues, occupied an advanced position on the right. Here the contest was maintained for some time with great skill and firmness.

Though renounced for their courage and firmness, Benson and Morgan could only delay, but not arrest the advance of the enemy. As soon as they appeared in the open woods, the artillery was unmasked and poured volleys of grape shot into their ranks, which threw their line, or a portion of it, into momentary confusion. On observing this and being struck with the narrowness of their front, Greene instantly prepared to avail himself of the advantage. "Let Campbell and Ford turn their flanks, the centre charge with the bayonet and Washington take them in the rear," was the

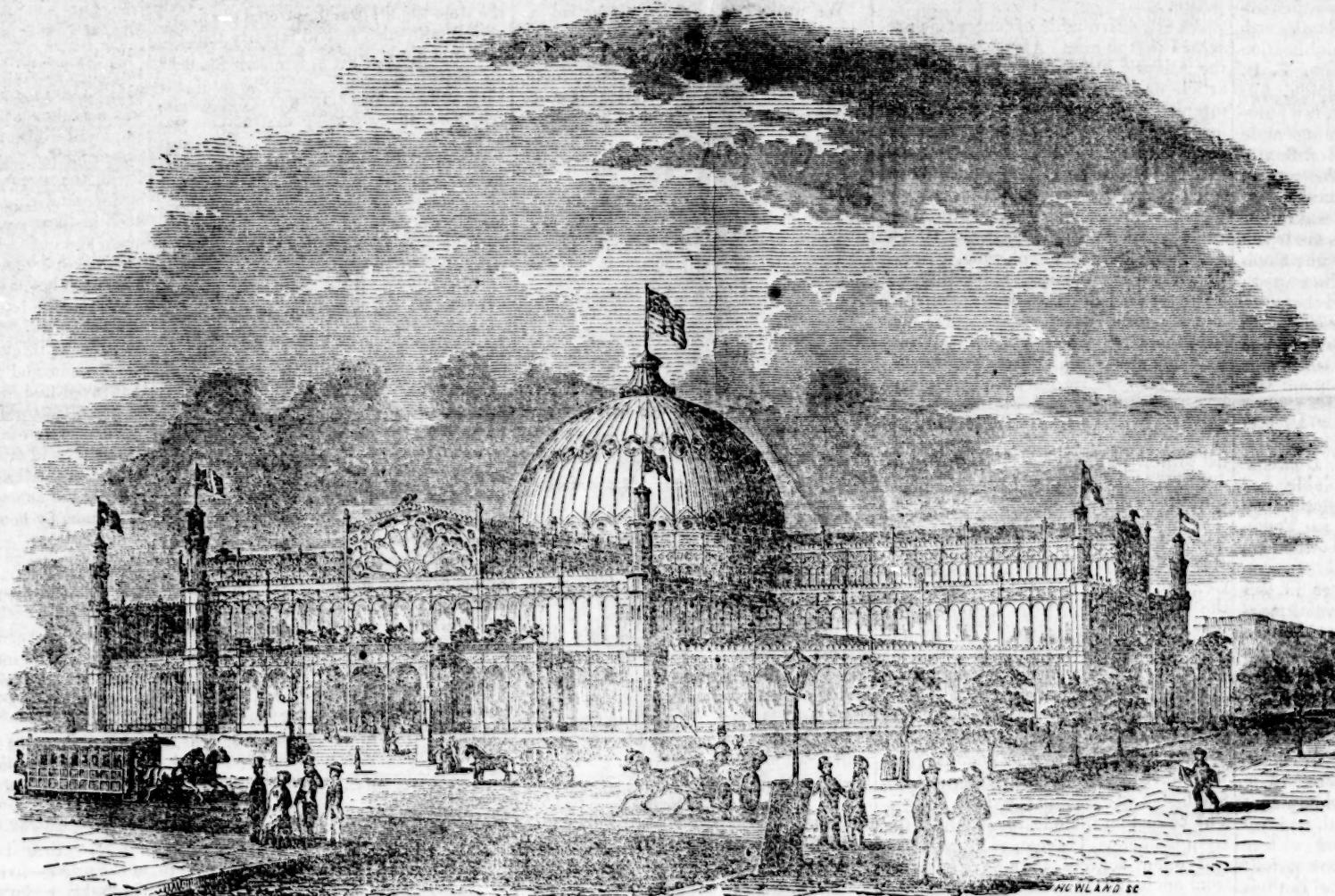
prompt and decisive order. The order was obeyed, *instantly* and apparently with the best spirit; but instead of a speedy and certain victory, of which, at this moment, none seemed to have any sort of doubt, the commander was doomed to another disappointment. Rawdon was a man of ability as a commanding officer, of quick observation and of deliberate and stern resolution. On observing his danger, in a moment, he ordered up his reserve, which had been kept in the rear, out of view, and, before they were aware of it, the Americans found themselves and their rear endangered, the very thing they were attempting to

had his attention arrested by the panic in the centre, and was drawn to that point; but all his efforts were utterly vain. His presence was not altogether without effect, but, from the opposite foot of the hill, at which they had now arrived, he was called back to the general scene of action, by the triumphal shouts of the foe.

Galloping up to the ground on which the action still continued, he saw at a glance the extent of his misfortune. By the advance of Hawes' regiment, the only one yet unbroken, and the retreat of Gunby's regiment, the guns were left unprotected on the top of the hill. The day was lost; and the artillery, which was essential to his future operations, was in eminent peril.

Though on the most conspicuous point of the hill, and though the bullets were flying thick around him, he gave the order with a calmness and composure which had a happy effect on the men, to draw off the right and form them on Gunby's regiment, which had rallied; and for Hayes, with the 2d Virginia regiment to cover the rear. The order was handsomely executed that it gave him the choice of renewing the battle or of retiring at his leisure; but, as the artillery must be lost without a desperate effort for its rescue, Capt. Smith, who became so renowned by his conflict with Col. Stewart at the Guilford battle, was ordered to rush up and secure it at all hazards. The enemy were now coming up the hill, shouting and straining every nerve, and Capt. Coffin, with the British horse, emerged from the woods to join in the pursuit. The matrosses were quitting the dragoons, when Greene, coming up at once seized the ropes with one hand, while he held his horse

with the other. His example was contagious. Smith's men, coming up, seized the ropes with one hand while they held their horses in the other, and emulated the General in dragging the guns through the deep sand. When Coffin approached, they instantly formed in the rear of the artillery and poured into his ranks such a destructive fire that they recoiled and fled. Again and again the charge was renewed; but they were as often repulsed in the same way. The infantry now joined in the pursuit and their sharp shooters, sheltered behind the trees, were cutting down Smith's men very fast. Smith himself was badly wounded, but his cheerfulness never flagged. Of his forty-five men, only fourteen now remained; and, owing to some little accident, Coffin succeeded in forcing them, and every man was killed or taken. The artillery was now thought to be lost. The butmen had run the limbers into the wood, cut the horses loose, and, mounting them, made their escape. Washington coming up at this moment, charged upon the British cavalry in the road, and arrested the pursuit. The artillery was saved; and Greene continued his retreat without further molestation. Retiring like a wounded tiger to his lair, he halted at the distance of two miles to collect his stragglers. They went two miles farther, to Sander's Creek where he encamped and remained till the evening of the 27th, refreshing his troops and preparing for further operations.



THE LATE CRYSTAL PALACE, New York.

THE TIMES: An Illustrated Southern Family Paper.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

He Careth For You.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

"Wherefore, if God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow, is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O! ye, of little faith."

O! never distrust Him; no, never repine, There's wisdom and love, in our Father's design.

Thou' the path, which ye traverse, seem dark to thy view, Remember this truth, that He careth for you.

Confide in Him, trust Him, with childlike re-pose,

He sees all thy conflicts, thy trials, He knows; Behold the soft showers; the sunshine and dew,

O! great is His love,—and He careth for you.

Behold this fair earth, He has made it for man, Design shows His love, in its beautiful plan, He clotheth the lily, and gives it, its hue, Behold it, and know, that He careth for you.

I know that afflictions, the bosom, oft chill, I know that He chastens, to yield to His will, These chastenings are mercies, our hearts to renew,

Restoring life,—thus He careth for you,

Rejoice thou, in Him, who is mighty to save; O! death, where's thy sting?—where's thy victory, O! grave?

Confide in Him, trust Him, His promise is true,

Rejoice in His love,—for He careth for you.

Webster, Mich.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The Lady of the Isle—Dickens' Household Words—Littell's Living Age—Conclusion of Irving's Washington—Gleason's Paper—The Atlantic for April—Hymns of the Age—Peterson's cheap edition of the Waverly Novels.

Another of the very interesting romances of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is announced for immediate publication from the active press of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. *The Lady of the Isle*, the new book, is a purely fictitious narrative, depending more upon the imaginative than Mrs. Southworth's stories generally. We predict for the work an abundant success.

The April number of *Dickens' Household Words*—the second in the new volume—has just been published by Frederick A. Brady, Esq., 126, Nassau st., N. York. Among the tales and sketches, we notice as particularly readable, A New Mind, A New Baby, Ground and Lofty Tumbling, (a capital story of a fishing excursion,) A New Way of Making an Old Article, The Clergyman's Wife, Steward, Perils in India, Up and Down the Giralda, etc. Among the es-says, which, in the hands of Dickens' contributors, are always readable and instructive, no matter how philosophical the subject, are Dwellers in Tente, Michelot's Bird, Rustic Townsmen, Spanish Hotels, A New Oddity, etc. One of the pleasantest features in this delightful periodical is the genial manner in which it takes hold of subjects in common life, its simple way of elucidating questions of a scientific nature—questions that puzzle the deep 'ed of Mr. Chops, so that the veriest Magsman may understand. There is nothing so hard or mysterious but may be made plain to the commonest understanding by the plans of reasoning and explanation adopted in this periodical, and we specially commend it to young writers who would be terse and vigorous in their language, and clear and logical in their deductions. Among the contributors to Household Words, are Dickens himself (who is now preparing a story of some length for its pages); the veteran Leigh Hunt, who furnishes frequent gems of verse; the lively Mrs. Gaskell, author of the Bronte Memoirs; the popular favorite Wilkie Collins, author of the Dead Secret, etc.; Rev. Chas. Kingsley, author of Alton Locke, etc.; Wm and M. Howitt; Barry Cornwall; Adelaide Procter; Davenport Adams, etc. Such an array of contributors is enough to give weight and importance to any work.

A new volume of *Littell's Living Age*, published by Messrs. E. Littell, Son & Co., Boston, is begun with the issue for this day, Saturday, April 2nd, just one year since the enlargement of the work and the new spirit infused into it, which have been most generously appreciated by the reading public. The weekly Portrait Gallery, to which we have before referred, is to be continued, having proved abundantly acceptable to the patrons of the work, and added thousands to its list of subscribers. In fact this new feature is an important one, and cannot but be appreciated as it becomes known. We have no other work in America presenting a regular series of well-engraved Portraits of Men and Women distinguished for Literary, Scientific and Political attainments. Thus in the few weeks past we have had, with excellent biographical sketches of each, fine likenesses of Dr. Quinney, the Optimist; Hugh Miller; Prescott, the Historian; Prof. Wilson, Kit North; Oberlin; Henry Hallam, particularly acceptable just now, immediately following his death; and Charles Lamb, the

gentle Elia. When we take all this in connection with the rich stores of literature regularly and so admirably selected by the veteran editor from the whole range of British periodicals and reviews, we wonder that any intelligent family will do without its weekly visits, especially when the numbers of a single year will bind up into four noble volumes, a complete library in themselves.

The fifth and concluding volume of Irving's great *Life of Washington* has just been published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The volume includes the two Presidential terms and closing years of Washington's life; with an Appendix containing the Farewell Address; an account of the various Portraits of Washington, of one of which, the celebrated Portrait by Rembrandt Peale, of Philadelphia, the volume furnished a fine engraving; and a copious index to the whole five volumes.

The *newest* of the Boston weekly newspapers, though published by one of the *oldest* of the craft—we allude to the *Line of Battle Ship*, published by Mr. F. Gleason—is admirably sustained in its literary and pictorial departments, and has a circulation not exceeded by any of the rival publications in the north. Mr. Gleason, who gained fame and fortune by the establishment of the two weekly papers, Gleason's Pictorial and the Flag of Our Union, has struck an equally successful vein in the *Line of Battle Ship*, and, with energy, and skill, and ample means, is evidently determined to issue the most beautiful sheet yet published in the country. As commander of the *Line-of-Battle Ship*, Commodore Gleason sails into every pleasant port, and his magnificent vessel brings home from every shore its choicest productions, things rich and rare, to please the imagination, cultivate the taste, and gratify the intellectual appeti-

An attractive table of contents is presented in the new (April) number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The leader, an article on Agrarianism, is crowded with interesting details put together in the masterly manner which has given character to this high-toned new periodical, Mr. F. H. Underwood's *financial* novel of *Bulls and Bears* reaches its twenty-second chapter, and grows in interest, as does also the Professor of the Breakfast Table and the Revolutionary novel, the Minister's Wooing, Roba di Roma, A Prayer for Life, Two Sniffs, Palfrey's and Arnold's Histories are other contributions, in prose and verse, very readable and of high character. Among the Reviews of Recent Publications we would specially commend the reader to that on Wilson's New History of the Conquest of Mexico. The monthly list of new publications, recently introduced into the *Atlantic*, gives additional interest to the periodical.

A volume of choice religious poetry has recently been issued in beautiful style, by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. It is entitled "Hymns of the Ages, with an Introduction by the Rev. F. D. Huntingdon." The hymns are "such as contain quiet thoughts for quiet hours—devotional, comforting, peaceful." The part which Dr. Huntingdon has taken in the volume is that of critic, and we presume adviser. His cordial and high praise of the collection will have great weight wherever his fine taste and Catholic spirit are known. The collection includes poems from the Lyra Catholica, Germanica, Apostolica and other sources. Hymns translated from ancient breviaries, from the German, and from Madame Guyon, and interspersed with selections from the Wesleys and other English poets less known. The gems of a few American writers are also included. The book is well represented in its title, well conceived and executed, and will be a favorite with the lovers of devotional poetry of every creed.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just commenced the publication of cheap edition of the Waverly Novels, in pamphlet parts of about one hundred and thirty pages each, at the ridiculously small price of twenty-five cents each part, containing a novel complete, the whole to be contained in twenty-six volumes, and issued every Saturday until completed. Or the whole will be furnished to subscribers in any part of the country, free of postage, regularly as issued, at five dollars for the set. Surely the force of cheapness can no further go. Think of an entire edition of the immortal Waverly Novels, covering about thirty-five hundred large octavo pages, fine print, sent anywhere in the United States for five dollars! the price of a single novel in old times. It will surely wake up the bones of Dominic Sampson, and we shall hear another "prodigious!" The publishers say that the cost of this undertaking is very great, and from the low price at which they have determined to fix the volumes, only a very extensive subscription list and sale will remunerate them. The enterprise is deserving of the most liberal patronage.

The wheat crop is very promising.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

An Evening Walk with Connie.

BY H. W.

After studying hard all day I felt tired and thought little recreation would be beneficial to both mind and body, and as Connie's feelings corresponded with my own, we agreed to ask permission of our President to take a walk out of College bounds. This was quickly done. We then smoothed our hair, secured our veils, scampered down stairs and started to go—we did not exactly know where.

We turned our backs upon the stately brick building of which we had been inmates for a number of months, and likewise upon the old pump from which we had often slaked our thirst and cleansed our hands, and passed out through the wood-yard into an old field. We edged our way around the panels of the cabbage patch to keep out of the mud, and were ascending a slope in the direction of an opening in the fence, through which we intended to pass, when I spied a Professor not far behind us. We crossed the road to a hawthorn to get, we said, tooth-brush, but in fact, to give the Mathematician time to pass, that we might politely walk out behind him. He turned directly to the right and if he gave us so much as the glance of his eye, he did it without turning his head.

Yes, he was a gentleman at heart, Who would not the roguish glance impart, But looked straight forward as he can, And proved himself a gentleman, on this occasion, as well as all others;

and also

That he believed us just as true

When out as well as when in view,

And would allow us to roam A little from our College home.

We once had life as you have now, And graced the bair, but living bough, But time's frost soon chilled us through, And laid us low, as will you.

As we passed farther into the forest, and descended a hill, we saw a few tall oaks, hickories, and towering pines; some modest little white flowers and gray moss, which we gathered carefully to take back with us. At the foot of the hill we crossed a bridge which spanned a limpid stream, whose sparkling waters were ever flowing onward to the great ocean. As I looked into it, these thoughts arose in my mind:

Why are mortals so perverse and so untrue to God, Who in great love and mercy this rugged path-way trod?

Why do they not, like rivulets, press onward to their duty,

That they may win this goal at last—eternal life and beauty?

On the opposite bank of this little stream we plucked a few alder blossoms and green heart-leaves to deck our hair, and then passed on to the brow of another hill, but finding nothing there except shrubs, sedge, and a few green pines, we retraced our steps.

Thus ends the story of our ramble, So pleasant and instructive—

I hope that such may ever be

To all quite as productive.

As we walked we turned the stone, But gold we did not find,—

Spoke of the pleasures it will bring,

The best, those of the mind.

We also spoke of friends most dear, With whom we'd like to be,

And spend an hour most socially,

From College duties free.

We then returned, as school-girls should, And entered College bounds—

When near the door Connie said:

"Behold! Professor on the lounge!"

Grensboro' College.

QUESTIONS.—The following queries have been sent by one of our Board of Editors. Who will supply the indefinite pronoun called for, in the second query, by using he, deprived of its gender, and thus avoid the manifest inaccuracy of using they as a pronoun in the singular number? Yet the frequent occurrence of this error, both in speaking and writing, show that there is room in our language for such a pronoun.

Query.—Can any one tell when its, the possessive case of the pronoun it, came into use in English? It is not found in the Bible, but it is found in its place.

We believe that our grammarians generally supply the indefinite pronoun called for, in the first query, by using he, deprived of its gender, and thus avoid the manifest inaccuracy of using they as a pronoun in the singular number. Yet the frequent occurrence of this error, both in speaking and writing, show that there is room in our language for such a pronoun.

Query.—Can any one invent an indefinite pronoun femine? We need one very much. A speaker says, "some one told me, so and so;" or "did thus and so;" and then goes on "they did something else;" referring to "some one," for want of a singular indefinite. What can be done to remedy this defect in our language?

N. C. Journal of Education.

THE WINE-BOTTLE.—"I think the intimacy which is begotten over the wine-bottle has no heart," says Thackeray.—"I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it; it only euties men, and ruins them; it is only a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the drowsy blood and the wicked spells of the vine."

The Crystal Palace.

(See Illustration.)

The American "Crystal Palace," though unsuccessful as a private monied speculation, yet undoubtedly marked an era in the onward march of American prosperity. And as a national work, we have thought proper to give it a prominent position in the Times, as a memento of what it was before the devouring element swept it from existence.

The Palace was erected on Reservoir-square, in the city of New York, according to the plan and designs of Messrs. Carrington and Gildemeister. In form it is, at its base, an octagon, or eight-sided, and above it, it assumes the form of a Greek cross, with a dome over the intersection.

Length and breadth of the building, each 365 feet; height of dome, 148 feet; ground floor, 111,000 square feet; galleries, 62,000 square feet; whole area, 173,000 square feet, or 4 acres. It was publicly opened in July, 1853. And from its opening to its destruction the first of October 1858, it was in constant use, and scarcely a day ever passed without throngs of visitors to see the many curiosities it contained, the Palace itself no less a curiosity than the contents. The millions that have passed through and through it. Who can number them!

From every land, kindred and tongue!

But in the midst of a large exhibition, this immense and magnificent structure was fired. It was one of the most disastrous conflagrations that New York had been visited with in a long time.

The calamity struck every one aghast, for the possibility of such an event had never been calculated upon. The peculiar character of the building, constructed as it was almost entirely of iron and glass, appeared to bid defiance to the flames, yet its destruction was more rapid than any building of wood could possibly have been; in less than fifteen minutes from the time the fire was discovered the flames spread with such fearful rapidity that the immense dome, which had so long been an object of beauty towering over the City, and a landmark, from every approach, fell, and the work of destruction was

complete. It was like a flash. The great fabric of glass and iron, with its priceless treasures of art, were suddenly wiped out of existence as though they had been mere unsubstantial vapor. The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and this was one of them.

At no other time could the disaster have been more deplorable in its consequences.

The building itself, though immensely costly, was but of secondary importance to the wealth of objects which it contained.

The Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the American Institute was at its height, and there was a collection of objects of art and industry whose value could not be represented in figures.

There were models of machinery which had cost

years of toil and study, precious inventions,

rare gems, exquisite examples of mechanical ingenuity and skill, and many

products of the higher arts.

There were also cases of splendid jewelry, of gold and

silver ware of immense value, and innumerable objects which can never be replaced.

The entire value of the articles destroyed by this terrible fire cannot be accurately estimated, but it cannot be less than half a million of dollars.

As always happens in such cases, there appeared to be a fatal concurrence of accidents to accelerate the ruin.

The fire broke out in that part of the building where there

happened to be the greatest quantity of

inflammable materials; the apparatus for extinguishing fires gave out at the moment it was needed, and there was a high wind, which sucked the flames up into the dome and along the galleries, where all

sorts of combustible articles were placed,

as if on purpose to feed the devouring element.

There were in the building when the alarm of fire was given some two thousand persons, and the one consolation to be derived from the great disaster is that

all of this crowd were enabled to escape without harm.

It was a miracle that no one was killed in the sudden collapse of

the enormous structure.

WEALTH OF THE SOUTH.—The cotton

crop of the United States this year will

probably exceed 3,800,000 bales. This

crop will average to the planter a shilling

of York money a pound.

The better qualities are at this moment in demand in New

Orleans at 18 and 19 cents.

Since this country first grew cotton there never was

a year when the yield was so large or the

profit so enormous.

When it is borne

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, March 27th, 1859.

No Extra Session—The day fixed for the Sickles Trial—Mr. Badger not retained—Washington Monument—Theatre—Potomac Water, &c., &c.

Just as I predicted, the President has decided against an Extra session, and the Post Office Department will be compelled to carry on its business, as best it may, without an appropriation. Throughout the country, but more especially in the South, a great number of routes must be discontinued, and public opinion must decide who is answerable for these results.

A sharp cloudburst ensued in the Criminal Court on Thursday, when the Grand Jury found a true bill against Mr. Sickles, between the Counsel of that gentleman and Mr. Gould the new District Attorney. The subject of dispute was the time of the commencement of the trial, Mr. Sickles' friends being in favor of the taking up of the case at the earliest possible day. Finally Monday April 4th was set as the day for trial. A large corps of Phonographic reporters were taking short hand notes of the proceedings. In this connection I may remark that the statement lately made in the N.Y. papers, to the effect that Ex-Senator Badger, of N. C. would assist in the prosecution, is utterly without foundation.

The Washington National Monument Society held their first meeting under the new charter (just granted by Congress) last Tuesday evening. President Buchanan, who is *Ex officio* President of the Society, occupied the chair, and the proceedings were of so encouraging a character as to lead to the belief that the noble though unfinished shaft of the Monument will no longer stand, as now a finger post pointing to the inconstancy and ingratitude of the American people. Contributions will be energetically solicited throughout the Union, and the good work will proceed until the monument shall be worthy the memory of him whose honored name it bears. Murdock, the Tragedian, played last week at our Theater.

There are great rejoicings among our Firemen on account of the mighty waters of the Potomac being connected, through the mains, with the fire plugs in the City. This will, as a matter of course, do away in future with the scarcity of water, which is often so deplorable at fires in this City.

The weather here, March-like has been quite fitful. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1859.

Stephens Poisoning Case—Hon. Mike Walsh—Fanny Fern—Parton—Large Missionary Collection—Locomotive Mud Machines—Hoops in Sunday Schools—Tobacco in France—Christy Minstrels at Paris—The Gouldy Family—St. Patrick—Geo. P. Morris.

The Stephens trial has reached its fifteenth day, and will take up another week; the evidence is strongly against him.

The Hon. Mike Walsh was found dead in an area, on Thursday morning last; being last seen at a grog shop about two o'clock in the morning. He had attained distinction as a politician, and was a man of considerable talent; but his associations were bad, his habits bad, and his bad end was the result. He had been robbed; but there were no marks of violence upon him; a very large procession attended his last march to the tomb.

I had the pleasure, and it was a pleasure, (for she is a sweet looking woman,) of seeing "Fanny Fern." Her complexion is very fair—hair light and curly—movements quick, countenance pleasant and agreeable, as her pen always indicates.

Mr. Parton is her husband; he is the author of Aaron Burr's Life, and a writer of ability.

St. Paul's Methodist Church in the Fourth Avenue in this City, recently contributed on one Sabbath, over Ten Thousand Dollars to the Missionary cause, a larger amount than any Methodist, or perhaps any other church ever gave at one time.

My walk down town one very wet morning brought me in the train of something in the guise of silk; it was gathered about three feet from the ground, capped with velvet and ornamented with flowers, ribbons, straw, lace, &c., gradually falling over a circumference entirely beyond the dimensions of humanity until it reached the side walk; here it inclined backwards, trailing its "slow length along," some two feet in the mud and filth! Upon a front view and close inspection it turned out to be a Female Locomotive Mud Train.

What will not fashion do? A little girl remarked in our presence last week, in this wise:—"Ma, I am going to quit the Sunday School, for all the girls have got on hoops, and the seats are so close together I can't get in to save my life!"

France consumes nine millions for Tobacco, Yearly. Another fashion.

"Christy Minstrels" have sung and danced to the crowned heads of France! The two leading Court Papers have given them very complimentary notices. What can "Jonathan" not do?

The Gouldy Family have all recovered

so as to be about. Mr. G. has been to church twice, but is seriously injured for life.

St. Patrick had a splendid day, the first in six years, and his votaries enjoyed it amazingly.

The President has shown some good sense in selecting an Editor to fill a foreign appointment, in the person of George P. Morris, so long and favorably known as Editor of the Home Journal, of this city; a man who reflects credit on the "Paper" currency of the country. Yours, E.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 28th, 1859.

Spring is coming—No Extra Session—The Senate, its ex-members—Celebrities, dead and living.

Dear Times: The glorious Spring, as fresh and beautiful as the first which ever burst on Eden, has at length visited our domicile; the blue-eye violet, nestling close to earth, was the earliest to catch the music of her footsteps, as she sped over the southern hills and modestly tendered her greeting of welcome; then the crocus lifted her yellow banner, calling around it all the spring flowers to form a bouquet for their young queen's coronal. Now a rose timidly peeps out here and there and blushes to find herself among the first comers to the floral festival; the orange, in its warm retreat, has already decked her brow with a bridal wreath of the most exquisite fragrance, and now she sways and bows gracefully to the toying caresses of that gay old bachelor, the wind, and spreads all about her the tribute of her heart's fullest breath of devotion and gratitude for the care and warmth extended to her during the long and dreary winter. All this array of fragrant beauty, so gaudily and lavishly spread around us, may soon meet a most disastrous fate; the stern old tyrant, Boreas, may only intend to decoy the shy young maiden, arrayed in vernal grace, into his rude embraces, that he may the more securely break his dire vengeance on her, for thus imprudently venturing on his dread domain; there yet may "come a frost, a killing frost, and then a long farewell to all the greatness" of our full blown hopes.

It seems that after all there is to be no extra session of Congress; the President has determined, if possible, to weather the storm alone, and doubtless this course was the most proper one under the circumstances; a new Congress would probably have been, by a large majority, adverse to the administration and would have talked about and done every thing, except the one for which they were called together. Meanwhile there is an able and energetic man at the head of the suffering Department, and if only one can carry it through its difficulties, he is the man; thank Heaven! spite of all the prescriptions and prophecies of quack politicians, the country is not yet so far ruined, that the wheels of Government can't run for a few months without "greasing." A portion of the mail service has been stopped and some large drafts on the Department been protested; but what of that? the sufferers are only men and poor men at that, and what do the "most potent, grave and reverend seignors," in that forty acre marble house at Washington, care about them and their families? What is the use of being a big dog, unless you can make some little dog "fly round" and fear and tremble at your scowl and your bark?

The Senate held a short extra session at which several of the old members retired and their successors were installed in their places. One of our Senators returns with a very handsome ebony cane, presented by his fellow citizens in testimony of his "departing worth" and perhaps slyly intimating to him "to cut his stick;" on former occasion, another of our Senators was presented with a milk-white fawn, and that precious receptacle, the Herald, has the audacity to insinuate that the present, had better been a peacock. Among the celebrities whose political career closed on the fourth of March, are two whose names will alike live to gather in History, linked by the common tie of disappointed ambition, attaining a most distinguished station by very different means, and at length thrown down from their high estate by the very hands which exalted them. We mean Sam Houston of Texas and John Bell of Tenn.; the one a regular "border ruffian," Indian fighter, the "Hero of San Jacinto," and a vigorous, straightforward man of the "Knockdown and drag out" stamp; he did all he could and more than most men for the home of his adoption and now, like Benton, in his old age, and at the hour of his secret need he is set aside for a new man. Mr. Bell is of entirely a different character, habits and talents immeasurably superior to his fellow exile; of great ability as a Statesman, he has always sustained an irreproachable character; he never had the tact of attaching friends enough to him to secure the long coveted nomination for President, but many will regret to see one of the oldest landmarks of the Senate removed.

Another well known political landmark has been suddenly removed, in New York, Mr. Walsh, an ex-member

of Congress from that goodly city— "Mike Walsh," as he was commonly called, was of Irish descent, and with the name and blood, he had in an extraordinary degree the brilliant talents, the quick versatile wit, and the destroying vices of that remarkable race, Mike was well known in the city, and everywhere loved; no man could know and simply like him; you clasped him to your heart of hearts "with hooks of steel." Above all he was distinguished in one of the most corrupt cities of the world has ever seen, for his unwavering honesty. Several of his family before him had met violent deaths, and he was fully persuaded such would be his fate; he was found dead the other morning on his way home from a supper party, with a cut on the back of his head, and his money, watch and diamond ring gone.

A talented fellow countryman of the last named is attracting much attention throughout the country—Wm. Smith O'Brien, who figured very conspicuously in the last Irish Rebellion, some few years ago. His share of glory was to be taken, imprisoned, tried, convicted, transported and at length pardoned and permitted to return to his home. He has been presented to the President, received and speechified wherever he has been, and is doubtless astonished at his newfangled greatness. English tourists are very apt to enjoy our hospitalities, and pocket money by abusing and laughing at us on their return. Yours, P. S. S.

The Jasper county (Iowa) Free Press of the 17th inst., says that considerable excitement exists at Spirit Lake, arising from the fear of an attack of Indians, numbers of whom are reported as lurking in the vicinity. Two were arrested, but afterwards escaped. They were recognized as having belonged to Ink-Pa-du-cah's band, which was engaged in the horrible massacre there eighteen months since. Subsequently fourteen were taken, including the brother-in-law of Ink-Pa-du-cah. A band numbering one hundred and fifty are reported as lurking about Heron Lake. Preparations were making to send out scouts to reconnoiter; sentinels were also stationed, and a strict watch maintained, both by day and night.

CONSUL RECOGNIZED.—The President has recognized Frederick Hagedorn as Consul of the Grand Duchy of Saxe Weimar for the States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia.

HIGH PRICES FOR TOBACCO.—The Panville Republican of the 21st, says several lots of Tobacco, grown by Thos. Harralson of Caswell, N. C., were sold in this place on yesterday at the following prices: One lot at \$23.25; three lots at \$25 each; one lot at \$26.75; another at \$35; another at \$45; another at \$45.25. Farmers would do well to bring in their tobacco now.

The poets are held in the pecuniary estimation of book-sellers according to the following rank, viz: Shakespeare, Byron Moore, Wordsworth, and Burns.

GENERAL CASS'S WEALTH.—The wealth of General Cass is the result chiefly of the rise of real estate in Detroit. A portion of his original farm is now in the very heart of the city. Twenty years ago he offered to sell it for \$750; now it is valued at \$3,000,000.

GOLDSBORO' TRIBUNE.—Mr. John G. Parker, has associated with him in the conduct of this Journal, T. Loring, Esq., formerly of the Wilmington Commercial. Mr. L. will have control of the editorial department.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

Both Houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature have agreed to adjourn *sine die* on the 14th of April.

The New York Assembly have passed a resolution, by a vote of eighty-three to twenty-one, to change the State constitution so as to extend free suffrage to colored people. It has not been considered in the Senate.

Lieutenant General Scott has arrived in Washington. He will remain several days, on official business.

The Hon. Thomas L. Clingman, United States Senator from North Carolina, left Boston, on Wednesday, for Europe, in the steamer Arabia.

Miss Dix, the celebrated philanthropist, was at Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 9th inst., inquiring into the condition of the insane hospital at that place. The establishment of that humane institution is due to her exertions.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

VILLAROSA, March, 23th, 1859.

Dear Times: I write to you from my pretty chamber at Villarosa, while Lucy (who rooms with me at my request,) is sleeping soundly after our day's sport. For the first time in my life I have had a ride on horseback. Oh such pleasure! But I'll tell you. Soon after breakfast, this morning, Lucy came and told me to get ready for a trip to the mountain. I clapped my hands, in the ecstasy of anticipation.

"How far is it?" I asked. Her reply took my breath away.

"Nearly eight miles."

"Dear me! how shall we ever get there?" I cried, in dismay.

"Nothing easier, my dear. We will ride on horseback."

I was frightened, positively. Never, in all my life, had I mounted a horse alone. However, I said nothing, but arrayed myself in the riding habit which Virginia's care had provided, and in due time appeared at the door, ready to set out. There was quite a party of us. Besides Virginia and Lucy S., there was a Mr. Euston, who is particularly attentive to Virginia, the you needn't tell any one I said so; also, a young lady, Laura Burton, two young gentlemen of the neighborhood, and a jolly old military officer, Major Morris, by name. "Now came the time that tried my soul."

The horses were brought round! The one destined for me was a pretty, spirited pony, of a rich, glossy bay color. Well, as I am rather active, I scrambled into the saddle without much difficulty. Can you recollect your first ride on horseback, Mr. Times? Such delicious feelings of half fear and half delight, such a thoroughly *ticklish* feeling, in short, I never before experienced. Off we started. Now, I knew just as much about managing a horse as I did about reading Greek and Hebrew, but I never was timid, and I noticed that my pony attended Lucy's satiny black "Arab," like a shadow, and as we were side by side, I wisely concluded not to attempt to guide him, but allowed him to take his own course for the rest of the day. I wish you could see Lucy, dear Times, as I saw her, on that black pony. She is a skillful and fearless rider, and the almost perfect figure, crowned by the queenly head, with its wealth of dark brown ringlets escaping from the jaunty little cap—oh! it was beautiful, I assure you! We proceeded very well till about three miles from home, Lucy began to make Arab curvet and prance around, to her own amusement, and everybody else's vexation. In vain Virginia entreated her to be quiet, and to cap the climax, my horse must go to cutting capers, too. Of course, everybody blamed me for it, and Lucy and I were assailed with a torrent of entreaties, remonstrances and reproaches, much to the little gipsy's delight. Now, I knew perfectly well that I could not manage that pony, so I coolly let him caper as much as he pleased. Lucy, however, soon grew tired of her sport, and started another idea.

"Who'll race with me?" she cried, shaking the reins gaily. "Julie, will you?" and putting whip to her horse, she dashed away down the road, and away went my pony in hot pursuit. Talk of John Gilpin's race! "Tisn't my opinion he knew anything about it. The bridle path before us was rough in the extreme, and dangerous even at a moderately swift pace. On we swept, neck and neck. Lucy's riding-skirt floated like a flag upon the wind, and her long, brown tresses, loosened by the motion, streamed over her shoulders. Trees, bushes, rocks and rivulets fled past us, as if terrified at our headlong course. Lucy lost all control of her horse, and I had never had any over mine, from the first. We outstripped the wind, and our steeds with flying manes and dilated nostrils bounded wildly up the path that was becoming every moment more dangerous. The steepness of the ascent forced them to slacken their speed from pure exhaustion, and we came to a stand-still, high up the mountain side, in a kind of hollow, and without a sign of path to guide us out of it. I noticed this afterwards, for at this moment I was too much fatigued and frightened to look at anything. I slid off that *deadly* pony in a twinkling, and sat right down in the long, dry grass, and dead leaves, almost crying.

"Why, what's to pay with you?" laughed Lucy, dancing up and flourishing her whip over my head. "I do believe you are going to cry! What's the matter with you, Julie?"

"Oh! dear," I sobbed, "to think of asking me such a question, after I've been jolted and tumbled, and frightened and worried, and now I've torn my dress. Oh! dear."

Lucy laughed outright, making no reply but to pin the rent together with thorns from a haw-thorn bush, which are long and sharp as needles. My anxiety was relieved when she told me that

Mr. Euston (Ginnie's beau) knew every foot of the ground up the mountain; which was verified by a distant "Halloo" from some one of our party—the Major, we thought.

"Come, Julie, if you wish to see the "Lookout" we had better mount our horses and join Ginnie and the rest of them. Come, up with you."

"Oh! goodness me!" I cried in alarm, "nothing could tempt me to ride that horrid little monster again."

"For shame, Julie!" said Lucy, indignant; "when Gyp is the dearest little fellow in the world! I'm surprised. One would think you had never seen a horse before."

"I never *rode* one before, my dear," I replied, reassured by her words.

"What! and you racing up a mountain road like a wild Indian! I'll tell Ginnie of it, so I will! Why, you are brave as a lion, Julie! I don't wonder at your being frightened, though."

She did tell them, and I was a heroine, for that day. Now I knew perfectly well that my "bravery" had as little to do with *that race*, as it had with the moon, or Jupiter, but, of course, I didn't say so—Some of your readers may find fault with me for suppressing the truth, but dear me, Mr. Times, how many do you suppose would have the courage to confess it?

Well, we reached "the Lookout," and at some future time I may tell you what I saw there. There is always something attractive in a mountain, whether seen from the purple distance or upon the brink of a green gorge. There is something in the air; in the cliffs, covered with their matting of ivy; in the multitude of flowers, crushed by every footfall; in the lofty trees; in the fresh, pure air; in short, in *the mountain*, which always attracts me, strongly, but pleasantly. However, I must conclude. Good-bye till next week.

Respectfully,

JULIA SOUTHALL.

Slang Words and Phrases.

A lecture recently delivered in Carlisle by the Rev. A. Musell contains the following amusing and instructive passage:

The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness of speech. There are many young men who consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of the genuine English language.

Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man, he must speak in the phraseology of slang. If he sees a thing very good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "stand Sam." If he meets a savage looking dog, he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap" that is up to *sauv*.

Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up;" never pays but "stamps up;" never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neck cloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives no where, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "misses"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his lucky." The highest compliment that you can pay him is to tell him he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky."

Money is a word which he has forgotten but he talks a good deal about "tin" and the "ready."

When a man speaks, he "spouts;" when he holds his peace,

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, April 2, 1859.

C. C. COLE. } Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT. }

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and others.

THE CORNWALLIS PAPERS.

Correspondence of Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis. Edited, with notes, by Charles Ross, Esq. 3 vols. London, 1858.

For many months have we anxiously waited for the appearance of the Cornwallis Correspondence—long ago announced, and promising to all the lovers of history a rich treat of ample and accurate information. The important part enacted by Lord Cornwallis in the affairs of three continents,—as the commander of the English forces in these Southern States during the war of our Revolution, as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and as the Governor General of India,—the high offices he held, and the great results, which were wrought out under his agency,—as the Parliamentary Union of Ireland and England, the final extinction of Irish nationality—all might well justify the highest anticipation of pleasure and profit from the perusal of these volumes.

To us his Lordship's connection with the military events of the Revolution in our own State gives this work a peculiar interest.

In this last respect we have been somewhat disappointed. The portion of the three volumes assigned to his American campaigns is much smaller than we could have desired, and the amount of statement and information that is absolutely new, is much less, we confess, than we had expected. To the English edition, it is natural that matters historically so important as the Irish Union, and of an interest at this day so transcendent as the administration of India, should have assumed a magnitude that overshadowed his hero's earlier and less brilliant achievements in America. For our own part, we regret this, for we can not but think there must be in his Lordship's correspondence, many private letters, and official papers, that would throw much light upon the events of his career among us, and aid us to form a more clear and precise conception of public plans, and the relation of parties, and individuals, incidents and characters even, which we must now forego entirely.

While, however, we could desire more, we are glad to have so much. What we have here is at least a confirmation in general, from the very highest authority, of our previous impressions of the truth of our history. On some points also our former impressions are slightly modified by what we find here. His Lordship, for example, constantly, and bitterly complains of the apathy, or irresolution of the Tories in North Carolina. Neither were we before aware that Col. Tarleton and Lord Rawdon were so young—they being barely twenty five, when the one led so many brilliant and dashing charges, and the other with so grave skill, long held chief command in South Carolina. The fact that the Indians on our frontiers were engaged as allies by our enemy, is first, to our knowledge, clearly set forth in these pages. Gov. Swain's conjecture of the presence of Gov. Josiah Martin, and his important influence on the plan

and movements of the war, is also fully confirmed.

We hope to recur to these volumes again. We have now neither time nor room for a fair review of them. We will only add that they have been edited with great care, and in excellent style. The notes are brief, pregnant, and to the point. Hardly a person is mentioned on either the English or American side, of whom we have not in a few words a sufficient sketch, the dates of his birth and death, the offices he held, the prominent affairs in which he was engaged; and all, so far as we have noticed, stated with painstaking accuracy. The editor, Mr. Charles Ross, is a descendant of one of Lord Cornwallis' most intimate companions and friends in the American war, and is himself connected by marriage with the Cornwallis family.

Our object has been to direct the attention of our readers to these interesting and valuable volumes. We can not better characterize the distinguished subject of them, than by copying the following notices. The first is from a review of the work in the London *Athenaeum* for January 22nd.

"Among the administrators who distinguished themselves in the reign of George the Third the Marquis Cornwallis held an eminent place. He had many qualities not often found united. In emergencies he was both prompt and cautious; the excitement around him did not disturb his judgment; in danger he was calm, and his sense of duty was unbending. His moral qualities were superior to his mental gifts; he was not a great man, or a genius, but he was free from the faults which too often disfigure lofty natures. He had sound sense, considerable skill in dealing with individuals, and an honest zeal for the credit of the public service. His speciality, however, was to be found in his peculiar capacity for wielding civil and military power, and Mr. Pitt acted with wisdom when he sent Lord Cornwallis to Ireland for the double purpose of extinguishing the Rebellion of 1798, and of carrying the Union."

The above is a true, but by no means a flattering portrait. The London *Quarterly Review*, for January, gives a like picture in a brighter tone.

"These volumes will ensure to Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, a much higher place in history than has been conveniently assigned to him. They prove him to have been a great deal more than a brave and honest general and administrator, of respectable talents, flung by the accident of birth and royal favor into elevated situations. He had large views, a cultivated and correct understanding, a keen insight into character, much energy, much enterprise, much fertility of resource, a chivalrous attachment to king and country, and unshaken resolution in doing or enforcing what he thought right. We have already spoken of his love of truth and boldness in enunciating it. These are great qualities, and they were thoroughly tested by a long and eminently useful career. *Capax imperii nisi impateret*, was exactly reversed in his case. It was because he had governed and commanded, that he was required to govern and command again. Nothing short of an exalted estimate of his capacity, founded on his former services, can account for his re-appointment to the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India in 1797, and again, after he had been tried on a different arena, in 1805. But there was nothing showy or flashy about him, a brilliant reputation is seldom acquired by moderate and prudent counsels, by the unassuming performance of duty, by undeviating rectitude of purpose, or by the quiet exercise of that most valuable of intellectual acquirements or gifts, good sense."

A WORD TO PARENTS WHO HAVE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.—If parents do not feel sufficient interest in the education and training of their children—in their moral and physical, as well as in their intellectual culture—to visit the schools, see the progress of the pupils, encourage the teachers in their arduous and difficult labors, and thus assist both teacher and pupil, how can they reasonably expect the scholar or teacher to feel or manifest a desire for progress and improvement, so sadly neglected by those who should feel and exhibit the liveliest interest in the culture of their offspring? The teacher we know has many duties devolving upon him, and because he discharges them faithfully, the parent is not excused from his duty. Parents, if you have not visited your school this autumn, do so immediately, and you will, we are sure, find the hour well and pleasantly spent.

CHURCH IMPROVEMENT.—A steeple, and a bell are to be added to the Methodist church in Tawboro. Mr. Moran, the pastor attracts large congregations.

Common Schools.

We invite the attention of committee-men, teachers and the friends of Common Schools to the following act of the last Legislature. We do not believe in too much amendments to existing laws, as it tends often to confusion and misunderstandings, yet by no means do we consider our Common School system as yet perfect, nor is it possible to perfect it at once. Our excellent State Superintendent, however, is doing much in this way every year, and we hail with pleasure every improvement to the working of the system—a system grand in its conception and destined to be grand in its effects.

Sec 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.* That the last clause of section eighth, chapter second, of the acts of Assembly of the session of 1856-7 entitled an act concerning the Common Schools of North Carolina, and which said clause is in the words following, to-wit: "in proportion to the number of white children in said district," be and the same is hereby repealed.

Sec 2. *Be it further enacted.* That within ten days from the first Monday in October, in every year, the sheriff of each county in the State, and the Chairman of the Board of Superintendents of Common Schools, shall jointly sign a statement, showing the amount of taxes collected, and the amount due for school purposes in said county for the fiscal year, ending on the last day of September, immediately preceding—which statements shall be filed with the Clerk of the County Court, and by him recorded in a book kept expressly for that purpose.

And on the failure of the Sheriff or Chairman to sign such statement, or of both, they shall each be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars to be recovered in the county or superior court, on motion of the Clerk, one half of said penalty to go to the Clerk and the other to the Common Schools of the county. And the Clerk of the county court of each county shall, within thirty days from the said first Monday in October, in each year, send to the General Superintendent of Common Schools for the State, a copy, under the seal of his office, of the said statement rendered by the Sheriff and Chairman of the Board of Superintendents of Common Schools of his county; and each Clerk, on failing so to do, shall be liable to a penalty of two hundred dollars, to be recovered in the superior court of Wake, on motion of the General Superintendent, one-half to go to the use of Common Schools of said county, and the other half to the Educational Association of the State.

Sec 3. *Be it further enacted.* That the General Superintendent of Com. Schools of the State, be authorized to have printed and sent to the Chairman of the Board of Superintendents of Common Schools of each county in the State, a sufficient number of the Common School Register, recently prepared by said General Superintendent, to supply all the Common Schools not yet supplied.

Sec 4. *Be it further enacted.* That in lieu of former regulation in regard to the safe keeping and use of said Com. School Register, the following shall be in force, to-wit: It shall be the duty of the Chairmen of Boards of county Superintendents to keep and preserve all the copies of said register belonging to their respective counties, when the schools are not in session. And before the commencement of every [any] school, the committee of the district shall give to the teacher an order on the Chairman for the register belonging to that district and the said teacher, on receiving it, shall give a receipt for it, and be responsible for its safe keeping until the close of the school. And in no case shall any such teacher be paid until he returns said register to the Chairman, in as good order as when received and with the blanks properly filled with an account of his School, according to the instruction of the General Superintendent for the State. And the register for each school or district shall contain the name and number of the school or district and be kept for its use alone.

Sec 5. *Be it further enacted.* That whenever it shall be made to appear to the Board of Superintendents of Com. Schools of any county in the State, that there is in said county a factory, mine, or shop, and that there are in the families of the employees of said factory, mine, or shop, as many as forty children entitled to the benefit of the Common School laws, that the said board may lay off a school district to consist of said employees, and which district shall be entitled to all the privileges and subject to all the rules and regulations of the other districts of the county.

Sec 6. *Be it further enacted.* That it may be lawful for the board of county Superintendents to subscribe and pay for one copy of the "North Carolina Journal of Education," published by the State Educational Association for the use of each common school or district in the county: Provided said journal is furnished at the price of one dollar per copy, for each copy, per annum, and the copies subscribed for shall be filed and preserved in the district school houses for the permanent use of the dis-

tricts, and as the foundation of district libraries; and the chairman of the board of county superintendents shall, in all cases when required by district committees, subscribe for a copy of said Journal for each committee so applying, and charge the same to said district.

Sec 7. *Be it further enacted.* That whenever there may be in the hands of any chairman of the board of county superintendents of common schools, moneys unemployed, not called for by the schools of the county, and not due to any school or schools or districts and amounting to more than five hundred dollars, the said board may authorize said chairman to invest said moneys in registered expon bonds of the State, or in other safe securities yielding interest, which sums so invested, may, at any time when they are needed by the common schools, be again converted into cash on the order of the board, and applied and accounted for as other school moneys.

Sec 8. *Be it further enacted.* That the general superintendent, immediately after its passage, shall cause a printed copy of this act to be sent to each county court clerk and to each chairman of the board of superintendents of common schools of the county—the name of the county to be inserted in the above blank—and the interest on such investment shall be semi-annually collected by the chairman, and by him used and accounted for as other school moneys.

Sec 9. *Be it further enacted.* That it shall be the duty of the clerks of the county courts to furnish to the sheriffs of their respective counties, within three days from the third Monday of April of each year, the names of the district committees elected for the ensuing year, under a penalty of five dollars for every case in which the names of any committee are not so furnished; and the sheriff, within fifteen days from the said third Monday of April, shall notify each committee man of his election under a penalty of five dollars for every case of failure, which penalties shall be recovered by the chairmen of the boards of county superintendents, by warrant in their own names as chairmen, and added to the common school funds in their hands.

Sec 10. *Be it further enacted.* That all laws and clauses of laws, coming in conflict with this act or any part of it, be and they are hereby repealed.

Sec 11. *Be it further enacted.* That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

Read three times and ratified in General Assembly, this 16th day of February, 1859.

THOMAS SETTLE, JR., S. H. C.
HENRY T. CLARK, S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE VA.

DEAR TIMES:—“Scribbler” forgot to tell you in his recent communication about the exhibition of the Calliopean and Hermesian Societies, Jan. 12th 1859.—It was a grand concern, better than it has been for years. There were eight chosen Orators four from each society. The Calliopeans were 1st, A. W. Gaston, Calhoun, Ga., 2nd, J. A. Rhea, Blountville, Penn., 3rd, R. W. Haynes, Jonesborough, Penn., 4th, S. J. McChesney, Wash. Co., Va. Hermesian, 1st, P. N. Fowler, Austin, Texas, 2nd, J. C. Summers, Monroe, Co., Va., 3rd, J. C. McMillan, Clarksville, Ga., 4th, S. L. DuBose, Columbus, Miss. They all did finely. We have succeeded in getting one of the speeches, which we send you, hoping you will insert it in your next. Could not get the others not being acquainted with all of them:

Yours Truly,

AN OUTSIDER.

The Giant Astronomer

BY R. W. HAYNES.

The ashes of the illustrious dead repose beneath the sods of every clime, while their names and their fame are heralded to all mankind upon the brightest pages of history. The beautiful skies of Italy, robed in their Elysian charms, as they smile upon her flowery vales and verdant lawns, overshadow the graves of some of the loftiest geniuses, around whose names the votaries of the muses have ever hung the “garlands of immortal poesy.” Age after age the fiery God of day sank slowly down upon his western couch; and age after age the “sable firmament studded with sparkling gems stood forth in all of its grandeur; yet the learned heathen regarded it only as a brilliant chandelier of celestial lights hung out by Jove to illumine the orb of the earth, while its unvarying and glorious laws found no place in his philosophy. Revolutionary France may proudly point to those immortal heroes, who, when, the fierce cry of hostile armies grated harshly upon the ears of fated thousands, marched forth in behalf of their country and their country's cause; and she may, proudly point to those veteran statesmen, who stood firmly at their posts, until they saw the last remnant of her tri-colored flag trailing in the dust, and Napoleon, her only hope, confined upon a barren Isle, around

whose rocky shores, the wailing seas peal yet his funeral requiem. Other nations may have had their Raphaels and their Napoleons, their Alexanders and their Scipios; but what all these proud mistress of the Ocean, compared with thy great NEWTON. The splendors of their geniuses and their monuments of war are destined to fade like vernal flowers, but he has won for himself a name eternal as the “rolling spheres.” Though many “kindred spirits” loved and pursued the science of Astronomy from its earliest dawn; though Kepler breathed the spirit of his mighty soul around the world, while yet the rosy crown of youth peered on his brow; and fostered the beautiful tree of knowledge whose ample boughs shade all enlightened nations and whose towering height points far up into the vaulted heavens. Though Galileo gave to the world the mighty telescope by whose aid he was destined soon to adorn the astronomic crown with brighter gems; though he looked with fond delight upon the glowing heavens and felt his great heart throb with joy, when yet another pendent world fell tremblingly upon his raptured gaze; though when through the brazen gates of ponderous prison doors, he looked upon the starry heavens he felt the rolling spheres breathe melody into his walking soul as sweet as when fair fingered innocence first swept her golden lyre, yet it was reserved for thee! Great Newton! to unfold the mysteries of gravitation, the grandest law of Nature's God, while gazing upon the sparkling brow of night:

“In whose starry shade of dim, and solitary loneliness,
How didst learn the language of another world”

This discovery of itself were enough to render his name immortal though only a simple star in the resplendent firmament of his intellectual achievements. By the power and energy of his lofty genius, he untwisted the threads of light and presented to the world the theory of those colors which by reflection upon the human eye, fill the world with beauty. For who when the angry Jupiter of the storm has closed his electric eyes and hushed his voice of muttering thunder at the bidding of the living God, can look, through the glasses of the *Newtonian* philosophy, upon the “soft, tinted pinions” of the beautiful rainbow, that stretches itself across the boundless firmament, and not feel the voice of sweet enchantment speaking to his soul in mute but pleasing eloquence, and whispering the immortality of the author of the theory of colors.

Shall the name of such a man as sir Isaac Newton ever pass away? Like the “scar and yellow leaf of autumn” shall such a memory ever fade? Shall it pale and vanish like the fading stars:

“When morn waked by the circling hours
With rosy hand, unbars the gates of light.”

No; but like the eternal god of day, as high in the azure vault he mounts his glittering throne and enkindles into intenser radiance, it will continue to grow brighter and brighter as time bears it on towards the ages of eternity.

Let the wonderful discoveries of the telescope, the innumerable worlds which it has brought to the notice of our earth, be forever associated with his name! Let the brilliant and many-colored rainbows, that heavenly wreath of rosy light, unfolded by the prism of his philosophy continue to encircle the glory of his memory as long as it appears in the clouds of heaven! Let the earth, while she dwells in the embraces of her orbit unfolding the seasons as she flies, chant an anthem in honor of that intellect which measured the speed of her revolutions and numbered the period of her days. Let every beam as it journeys from the sun paint in letters brilliant as the light and durable as the eternal laws of nature, on the face of every moon and planet the immortal name of sir Isaac Newton the Giant Astronomer:

“A genius universal as his theme;
Astounding as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime!”

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE FADING FLOWER.

From the French of Millroy.

BY IRA.

Thou lone flower and fading,
Once pride of the vale,
Thy leaves strew the earth round,
Dispersed by the gale!

We too 'neath Death's sickle
Are destined to fall;
We yield to the same God—
Creator of all.

From thy stem drops a leaf
When autumn winds sigh;
A pleasure the sweetest
Bids us too good by!

When man sees the visions,
His fancy had nursed,
Dissolve into thin air,
Like soap bubbles burst.

He then asks his sad heart,
In grief's potent hour,
Which, which is most fleeting
Man's life or the flower?

The manufacture of hemp twine has

been commenced in Columbus, Ga.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Dying Girl.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Yes! tell him that my sinking heart
Is beating slowly now,
And that I feel it all too plain,
The death damp on my brow—
Tell him I long once more to clasp
His hand within my own,
And hear his proud lips murmur low,
"I love but thee alone."

Tell him I long to breathe my last
Upon his manly breast,
Where, when I have so weary been,
Oh times I have found rest;
Yes! pillow'd there, my aching brow
By his soft hands caressed,
Hath often ceased its throbings fast,
And by his lips been pressed.

No more, no more, he'll sooth my pains,
Nor pillow here my head,
My resting place must be the grave,
Among the silent dead.
But how consoling is the thought,
He has been true to me;
And soon we'll meet where we will be
From partings ever free.

Quick! quick! oh! Mother press my brow
In one long, lingering kiss,
That now my sinking heart may feel
The ecstasy of this;
And then my Ernest, let me clasp
Within my own your hand,
Thus, thus I'd die, thus would I go
To join the heavenly band!

Hark! see the Angels, here they come,
Robed in such spotless white,
And waving crowns they bring me one,
For me 'tis far too bright.
I go! I go! farewell! farewell!
My Mother, Ernest, all;
I must not linger longer, for
I hear my Saviour call!

Twas thus she died, a placid smile
Those sweet pale lips did wreath,
And gently passed away from earth
As she had ceased to breathe.
Who would not die, if death would bring
Such blessedness as this?
To feel such rapture, ecstasy,
Such unalloyed bliss?

Oak Glen, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Unframed Pictures.

BY WANDERER.

NUMBER 12.

It was a bitter cold night when I started to fulfil the promise I had made to Willis about a week before. The wind was blowing very lustily from the northeast, and the snow fell so thick and fast that to see across the street was impossible. There were but few pedestrians out and they hurried along as if the storm was to them an unwelcome visitor.

Around the corners the storm-king in his white robes appeared to drive more recklessly than where he had a straight road before him. The barren trees swaying to and fro without a particle of foliage upon them, looking more like spectres than anything else, sighed more intensely than a million mourners at a million funerals.

After braving the snow tempest for a quarter of an hour, I arrived at the residence of my friend, and was met by him at the door with his usual salutation, "how are you, my boy?"

After divesting myself of overcoat and rubbers, I was ushered—not into the steam-heated parlor, where affection and cold conventionalism are ever found, in the habitations of aristocracy—but into the cosy family sitting room where I met Mrs. Willis and her children.

I soon felt perfectly at home. I found Mrs. Willis to be all and more if possible than her husband had represented her to be—affable and kind to a fault.

The children soon were friends with me. With little "Fred" sitting on my knee, playing with my watch seal and chattering his baby language like a frolicksome squirrel, and "Gussie" peeping over my shoulder and laughing with childish glee, I felt, as if I would give all I possessed were these gems but mine.

Then when the little prattlers had retired for the night, I took possession of the "old arm chair," a relic of '76, beside the centre table, and talked and laughed with my friends. Then we listened to the bird-like voice of Emma as she sang the songs we loved so much to hear, accompanying them, upon the piano, with an execution of style that would have reflected credit upon a concert room performer.

The next thing on the programme was an invitation to draw near the blazing fire, the flames of which ascended the broad chimney hissing and sighing with greater noise than ever Jove made descending from the clouds, and partake of the doughnuts—an article of food particularly tempting to me—the fat hickory nuts and sparkling "Newark cider."

Velvet footed glided the hours away as the joke and story were told by each in turn, and when the old family clock in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, struck the hour of ten, warning me of the fact that it was time to re-

tire, I was completely surprised, it seemed as if three hours had been condensed into less than one.

Though urged to remain during the night, old bachelor like I couldn't rest well—so I imagined—unless I was safely ensconced in my little, narrow bachelor bed between the blankets.

Buttoning up my overcoat and turning up the collar thereof, with a heartfelt good night from Willis and his bonnie wife, I started for home, scarcely heeding the shrill wind or the blinding snow, for the evening's entertainment had made my heart warm, and not a cloud overspread the azure sky of memory or rose above the horizon of peace.

Every house should be an inviting house, and every heart a sanctuary of affection.

If more married for real worth instead of patry gold, joy and peace would be the dwellers of many hearts, and charity would be the talisman of many a family circle where these God-like virtues are now unknown.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Broken Vow,
OR,
Teachings of Experience.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

CHAPTER I.

Time will tame the wayward will.—Byron.

TON a lovely Bay in the Old North State, stands a noble gothic edifice, ancient as the moss-covered elm that sways to the rustling winds as they sweep softly through their green foliage, brushing the dewdrops from a thousand sparkling ivy-eyes that peep forth from their cool dark covers. It is a noble old mansion, with its massive, time-stained pillars towering aloft, throwing far out, in the lingering gleams of the sinking sunlight, deep, lengthening shadows on the smooth sward that stretches away through the dusky old grove down to the golden and blue waters of the slumbering Bay, that reflects back from its still surface the rich burnish of the setting sun that lingers within its starry bosom.

Yonder, two snowy forms, arm in arm entwined, wind along the white margin of the golden-hued waters. They are beautiful, with their drifting curls, red lips and sparkling faces. And just behind them, coming forth from that rustic bower, formed by interlaced ivy and eglantine, amid the flowering branches of a clump of evergreen and locust, two other youthful forms slowly descend to the water's rim, whilst an arm clasps each other's waist. A sad smile rests upon the lip of her whose pale cheek and mourning garb, tell of broken hopes and departed joys. No glow of gladness fringes her fair face—no flash of pleasure irradiates her mild eye—no elasticity attends her step, and no happy ring of silvery music gushes from her young heart. She reminds you of an opening fly bent by a vernal storm.

"Alice, dear!"—said the fair girl whose slender arm encircled her—"do arouse from this depth of melancholy into which you have allowed yourself to sink—shake off desponding thoughts and corroding care, and be, once more, the cheerful, smiling Alice of olden time. It makes me sad—it makes us all sad, to see you thus, dear sister!"—and a tear glistened in the blue eyes of the sweet girl.

"Nay, Ida, ask me not to hide beneath a smiling brow, a breaking heart. You know full well, the source whence this sadness springs, and yet, Ida, you will not relieve the weight of anxiety that is crushing my spirit. Could you but know, how my heart yearns for your future happiness, surely you could not so lightly regard my supplications. It is not for myself that I thus speak; I plead not for your own happiness; will you not be guided, Ida, by one who has been taught in the school of EXPERIENCE, and fly from impending misery?"

"Hush! hush!" said the trembling girl, playfully pressing her little soft palm upon the lips of her companion—"tis too late—urge me not now—I am plighted to him, Alice."

"Oh Ida!" burst involuntarily from the pale lips of the startled Alice, as she tottered back from the twining arms of the frightened girl, and leaned against the piano, with an execution of style that would have reflected credit upon a concert room performer.

The next thing on the programme was an invitation to draw near the blazing fire, the flames of which ascended the broad chimney hissing and sighing with greater noise than ever Jove made descending from the clouds, and partake of the doughnuts—an article of food particularly tempting to me—the fat hickory nuts and sparkling "Newark cider."

Velvet footed glided the hours away as the joke and story were told by each in turn, and when the old family clock in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, struck the hour of ten, warning me of the fact that it was time to re-

rosebud bathed in morning dew—"dear Ida, tell me you did not utter those hateful words!—tell me it was a horrid dream, and I will never be and again!"

"What is it that thus distresses you, cousin?" asked the noble girl whose heroin had restored her to animation.

"She tells me she is *plighted* to Rudolph Henley, Julianne!" replied Alice, turning her wild flashing eyes upon the beautiful girl, who almost quailed beneath their brightness—"this is not, cannot, must not be so Julianne!—tell me, my dear Ida, you are *not* plighted to that man!"

"Indeed it is true, Alice"—sobbed the fair girl, sinking upon her bosom and twining her arms around her waist—"don't look so wildly, Alice! you frighten me to death!" she cried, as Alice gently disengaged herself from her embrace, and fixed her flashing eye upon her own tearful one.

"God help you, Ida Atwood!" she said, in a low, heart-mourning tone that fell upon the ear of the weeping one, like the knell of all earthly hope. "He alone, can sustain you, now, and I—I will never counsel you more. You know your happiness has ever been my first care—you know I have done all in my power to secure your peace, but you have rejected the advice of one whose despised affection you may one day wish you had never bartered for another's love; and you have set at naught the counsel of a heart whose depth of feeling, and solicitude for your fate in coming years, you cannot now fathom. But now, Ida Atwood, it is all over, and I will no longer obtrude my warning voices upon your ear. But, Ida, dear, fated sister, before you link yourself with misery and Rudolph Henley, give one thought to him, who I know possesses your heart, even while your hand is pledged to another!"

"Nay, not so, dear sister—he is false, and I love him not," returned Ida, raising her blue eyes to Alice, with a pleading look.

"Ida Atwood, it is not so—look at me, Ida Atwood, and repeat those words if you can—but the fair girl did not lift the silken fringe that lay upon her white cheeks.

Tears dimmed the glorious eyes of Alice, and fell amid the light ringlets that shadowed the pure face of the youthful Ida, as she gently kissed her pale brow.

Poor Ida! poor sister! I have feared it long. Had Walter Elvyn been Rudolph Henley's equal in *wealth*, you would not have been taught to believe him false; but he possesses nought but a pure and noble soul, which is preferable, far, to the wealth of a thousand worlds, with the principles of a Henley; and you, you Ida, are to be the sacrificial offering of a mother, at the shrine of *Mammon*!"

"Alice!" exclaimed the fair girl who had not before spoken—"what would aunt say to this charge, think you? Be just, as you have ever hitherto been, cousin, Ida tells you she loves her affianced, who is handsome, rich and noble; wherefore, then, do you thus distress yourself and her?"

"Say arrogant, purproud and unprincipled, and you will name his predominant characteristics; but speak not nobility and Rudolph Henley in the same breath, for they are sundered as widely as falsehood and Walter Elvyn are incompatible!" cried Alice, turning her now glowing face towards her cousin, whilst an expression of irrepressible scorn, proudly curled her small mouth, and her dark eyes flashed with unswayed lustre.

The heroic Julianne's crimson lip wore a proud smile as she gazed upon the indignant Alice, but Caroline and Ida shrank before the contemptuous blaze of excited animosity. The tall, black-eyed, beautiful Julianne approached her cousin and laid one dimpled hand upon her shoulder, laughing.

"My noble coz, who would have thought to find so much spirit in one heretofore so yielding and taciturn! I am indeed surprised and pleased to find that pusillanimity forms not the smallest atom in the composition of one whose bosom's germs are nourished by the same crimson current that flows through my own. But come, Alice, have done with reproaches, and leave Ida to consult her own heart, relative to this all important matter. She is free and unbiased, by parental authority to choose for herself, and no one should gainsay her heart's preference. Dr. Henley's character has ever been unexceptionable—his morals unquestionable, and as Carrie has said, he is handsome, rich and—"

Ida's screams soon brought the beautiful girls first alluded to, flying pale, and breathless, to the spot, who, upon seeing Ida clinging to the inanimate form of Alice, threw their arms around her, but startng suddenly away, the latter of the two, sped towards the sparkling Bay, and dipping her white hand into its liquid bosom, filled its rosy palm, and with more self-possession than became a heroine, sprinkled the bright drops upon the brow of the fainting Alice, who immediately evinced signs of returning consciousness.

"Plighted to him!" she murmured as she opened her tearless eyes upon Ida, whose childlike face looked like a white

and cruelty of one standing in the relation that he may? no—those blue eyes could never flash, under a sense of wrong and oppression, but they would fade, like a violet touched by the first frost of Autumn, and that fair form would droop, like the lily's stem, before every ungentle breath. You might meet oppression, with scorn, and that bright eye might make even a Henley quail; the young rose may glow, beneath a wintry sky, but the lily cannot live, without the summer's balmy breath to anoint its delicate breast."

"In tones that almost froze the affectionate heart of her sister, Ida responded:

"It may not be—you have wronged him whom my heart has chosen, and I will tell you, you plead in vain, for I will tell him, Alice."

Alice rose slowly from the side of the unyielding one, and folding her arms, stood like a marble statue before her.

"Ida Atwood, I wrong him not, and the time may come when your heart if not your lip will confess it. I love you too well, poor, deluded girl, to see you go forth from the sunlight of our own sweet home, leaning upon one for happiness who has destroyed the peace and purity of many of your sex, as you know, Ida Atwood! one, whose chief object in addressing you is to achieve the gratification of his proud, ambitious heart—without warning you to look well to the future, before your fate is sealed, forever. Forgive me, if I pain you Ida, but you must hear me now, for the last time. You are going to wed one, who, you think, loves you—start not, perhaps he does—time alone will test the strength of his affection, but he who has blighted the fair fame of others of your sex, is but a broken reed, at best, for a wife to lean upon, and will pierce her to the heart. The happiness of your whole life hangs upon the decision of a moment. You place your earthly all, in the hands of one—oh! then, weigh, well, the worth of that one, before you rest your faith upon his honor. It has been truly said, that 'man always keeps something in reserve, and never hazards total ruin, but woman stakes her all upon a single cast of the die.' Who can rely upon man's honor, with only the spirit of the world animating his bosom? What is beauty, wealth and fame without a noble, virtuous soul? Is he noble? is he virtuous? has he a Christian spirit? No, Ida Atwood, and without these all else is but dross, and a 'maiden's' hopes are but poorly anchored if the cable parts upon the stream."

"Do you not remember, Ida, when our dear father called me his 'wild bird,' and how we were wont to bound along the margin of this lovely lake, making the green old woods yonder resound with joyous laughter, as we ramble through its purple shadows and leafy aisles as light and happy-hearted as the sweet songsters that built their nests among its thick vines and breezy branches? Don't you remember when our mother would chide my wild bursts of merry heart-music, in the old Hall up there, when we would watch the round rain-drops dancing on the shining bosom of these glittering waters, wishing the sunshine would come again, that our little boat might skim its silvery surface? And how we would steal away from the old house when the first golden gleam streaked these dark blue waves? You never begged me to smile, then, Ida; you never told me my pale cheek made you sad. But what has wrought so great a change in me, since those halcyon days, dear sister? The very step that you will soon take precipitated me from the most exalted state of happiness into the lowest abyss of woe! I stood upon the brink of the precipice upon which you now stand, and none lifted a warning voice to save me, or I might have escaped the fatal plunge, for our dear father was resting peacefully beneath the green turf of the village churchyard, and our mother told me, as Caroline has said of Henley, that Horace Stanhope was 'handsome, rich and noble!' Ah! had I dwelt more on that last word and less upon the first, the blackness of the past might not have settled around my heart! But it is all over now"—drawing her thin white hand across her high pale brow—"and perhaps I am wrong in recurring to the past, but for your sake, dear sister, I harrow up my own feelings, for you know our dear, lamented father, confiding in my judgment and strength of character, committed his 'young dove,' as he called you, to my care and instruction, although there are but few years' disparity, in our ages. You know, Ida, with what untiring devotion I have endeavored to fulfil that trust—you know I would sacrifice my dearest earthly hopes to facilitate the accomplishment of any wish of your heart that would promote your happiness; but when I implore you with tears and the deepest emotions of affection that ever dwelt in a sister's bosom, to fly from the brink upon which I have stood, ere you are dragged, as I have been, through the ethereal depths of sorrow's wild, below, you coldly turn from the voice that never fell with aught but kindness on your ear, to the serpent wiles of Eden's despoiler! You know not what you do, Ida, you are young and inexperienced; will you not be

guided by one whose only object in thus speaking is to promote your happiness? Defer your marriage for a few months, I implore you, by the memory of our early love and the many happy days we have passed in our childhood's home, ere another crept in to divide us."

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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The fair face of Indiana crimsoned, as she rose and left the apartment, but that of Caroline slightly paled, as her eyes rested on Alice. "Col. Mayville, I imagine"—said Mrs. Atwood, with a sly significant smile at Ida, as she watched the eye of Caroline.

"It is he, indeed!"—the sensitive maiden responded in a gay tone, as she received Ida's answering smile; and the little company repaired to the drawing-room, where Indiana had preceded them, and now sat almost concealed by the white folds of the window drapery, beside the noble looking personage of a stranger, who was introduced to Alice, as Mr. Wilmot.

Ten o'clock found the gay company gathered in the vine-covered porch that overlooked the dark Bay, while the moonbeams struggled through the leafy branches of the old trees, and displayed to the eye of Alice, the deepened color, on the cheeks of the young girls, and the proud smile of their lovers. Stealing away unobserved, she glided along the hushed hall, and ascended to her chamber. Sitting down to a small desk, she essayed to write, but her hand trembles, and she hesitates. There is no rose on that cheek, now, and those dark eyes flash, with almost unearthly brilliance, as her hand runs rapidly over the silken surface of the sheet before her. We bend over that bowed form and read:

"She's lost, Walter!—irretrievably lost! I have done all within the power of mortal, to save her, but she calmly turns from the voice of love, to the Syren-tones of one who has been nurtured in the school of hypocrisy—one who has stolen, like a serpent, in the garden of Eden, to bear away its fairest flower, to throw it heedlessly, by its early loveliness, shall be dimmed by time! I have besought her with tears of anguish, to yield to one who counseled from experience. I have pointed her to the past—the happy past—to one in a distant land, whose earliest tones of love were breathed into her willing ear, but she cries; 'urge me not, now—I am plighted to him!' Heaven help you, Walter Elvyn! and may you not too deeply mourn the frailty of so frail a being. This night, two weeks will consummate her nuptials with Rudolph Henley!"

This note was read by a young Missionary, in a far-off land, whose blazoned face blanched, as his blue eyes ran over the nervous lines, and in after time, brought a reply to Alice, which concluded with the words:

"I know not, now, when my foot shall again press the soil of my dear native land; and yet I shall not 'too deeply mourn' for one who has violated a solemn vow."

Night was fast verging upon morning, when Ida and her cousins entered the chamber, and bent over the sleepless pillow of the apparently slumbering Alice.

"She has been weeping!" said Caroline, in a low tone—"I see traces, upon her cheeks! Oh! Ida, how can you for sake her, for one who will never love you as she does? If she loved me thus, I would never wed without her sanction," and Alice felt a soft mouth lightly pressed to hers, as she lay, in seeming unconsciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
MY OWN—MY WIFE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

My own—my wife—sweet charming words, They vibrate through my frame; As if the chord of life was struck, And sacred music came; And though but plain and simple words, Yet much do they convey, What fond regrets—what tender thoughts, When thou art far away! And though but love and tenderness, Cling round the path of life; When shared with them, beloved one, My own—my loving wife.

Thou wert the first that ever claimed The worship of my heart; But now to God, who gave me thee, I dedicate a part; Yet still I fear that love for thee Has far too great a sway; And God will ask me for the love I am giving thus away; Yet unto him I ever shall bow, While yet my heart hath life, And bless him for his gracious gift, My beautiful—my wife.

Baltimore Md.

The Jackson Monument, at the battle ground, New Orleans, has reached the height of seventy feet, and has cost \$20,000.

THE TIMES

Persecution.

A Baptist journal states that some of their missionaries in New Mexico are meeting with open and violent persecution, through the instigations of Roman Catholic priests. Rev. J. M. Shaw, of Socorro, writes:

Open persecution has begun in earnest, and I am not sure of my life a day, but we try to be prepared for the worst. Last Saturday, as I was preaching, I was attacked by a mob set on by the priest, and stoned, and driven from my stand, amidst shouts, and stones, and firing of guns. I received several shots from the guns, but only one did me harm. When I reached the public road, I commenced preaching again, amid a shower of stones, expecting to fall a martyr for the truth, but God miraculously preserved me. I will give you particulars next mail; the excitement is raging very high—the end we cannot see.

I continued to preach, and told them to kill me if they wished to, but I should preach till their shots took effect. After while the mob went to drink, and a congregation of three or four hundred remained attentive till I was so hoarse I could speak no longer, but I had a glorious time preaching; the next day, I baptized five, and next day one. The priest is burning Bibles with his own hand.

A young priest was one of the leaders in the gang. Writing can give you but a poor idea of the reality. If I fall at my post, be ready to supply it at once. To me this is not at all improbable; the priest tells the rabble publicly to beat us with clubs whenever we attempt to preach or read the Bible.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.—We were shown yesterday, says the *Norfolk Herald*, a letter from a reliable source, to a gentleman in this city, in which was contained the following extract:

"The Galway line of steamers from Ireland, have decided to make Norfolk, Va., one of the ports to run to. They will have two ports, Boston and Norfolk."

THE ARKANSAS FREE NEGRO BILL.—The Little Rock Gazette referring to the bill passed by the Legislature of Arkansas to expel free negroes from the State, says:

"They have until January 1860 to dispose of their property, and make other arrangements for leaving. If they do not go then, it is made the duty of sheriffs to seize them and hire them out to the highest bidder for one year, giving them the net proceeds of their labor to enable them to leave the State. The bill provides that such free negroes as desire to remain, may choose masters—the county court having them appraised, and the master or mistress they have chosen, paying half their value into the common school fund of the county.

IN THE UNITED STATES THERE ARE 750 PAPER MILLS IN ACTIVE OPERATION. They produce 270,000,000 POUNDS OF PAPER, WHICH, AT AN AVERAGE OF TEN CENTS PER POUND, WOULD BE WORTH \$27,000,000. AS IT REQUIRES ABOUT A POUND AND ONE-HALF OF RAGS TO MAKE ONE POUND OF PAPER, THERE ARE CONSUMED BY THESE MILLS 400,000,000, LBS. OF RAGS IN A SINGLE YEAR. IF WE ESTIMATE THE RAGS TO COST FOUR CENTS PER POUND, THERE WOULD BE A PROFIT OF \$11,000,000 IN THIS BRANCH OF MANUFACTURING.

HOMICIDE IN FLORIDA.—Maj. Gregg, Chief Engineer of the Florida Rail Road, was shot dead at Jacksonville, on the 19th day of April 1859, (being Tuesday of Guilford Superior Court) a likely NEGRO MAN about the age of twenty one years.

A CREDIT OF SIX MONTHS WILL BE GIVEN.

JOHN L. COLE COM.

MARCH 24TH, 1859.

NEGO SALE.—IN OBEDIENCE TO AN ORDER OF COURT MADE AT FEBRUARY TERM, I, AS COMMISSIONER, OFFER FOR SALE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER AT THE COURT HOUSE DOOR IN THE TOWN OF GREENSBOROUGH, ON THE 24TH DAY OF APRIL 1859, (BEING TUESDAY OF GUILFORD SUPERIOR COURT) A LIKELY NEGRO MAN ABOUT THE AGE OF TWENTY ONE YEARS.

A CREDIT OF SIX MONTHS WILL BE GIVEN.

JOHN L. COLE COM.

MARCH 24TH, 1859.

TOWN ELECTION.—IN OBEDIENCE

TO THE ORDER OF THE COUNTY COURT OF GUILFORD, THE UNDERSIGNED WILL HOLD AN ELECTION AT THE COURT HOUSE IN GREENSBOROUGH, ON THE 1ST MONDAY IN APRIL, 1859, FOR A MAYOR AND SIX COMMISSIONERS FOR THE TOWN OF GREENSBOROUGH, ACCORDING TO THE PROVISION OF CHAPTER 111, OF THE REVISED CODE.

M. S. SHERWOOD, M. D. SMITH, DAVID SCOTT, INSPECTORS OF ELECTION.

MARCH 16, 1859.

LOOK AT THIS!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK IS NEW AND OF THE LATEST STYLES IN MARKET, AND BRINGING EVERY VARIETY OF DRESS GOODS, BOTH FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN; ALSO A HEAVY STOCK OF DOMESTIC GOODS FOR SERVANTS' WEAR. ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF SHOES, BOOTS, FINE AND COMMON HATS, CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, LADIES' BONNETS, SOME VERY HANDSOME TRIMMED, AND A GREAT VARIETY OF FANCY ARTICLES.

WE WILL STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP OUR USUAL STOCK OF SUPERIOR FAMILY GROCERIES, JAVA, LAGUINI AND RIO COFFEE; SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUP, LARD, OILS &c. &c.

WE ARE DETERMINED TO SELL FOR CASH OR ON SHORT TIME TO PUNCTUAL DEALERS, AS CHEAP OR CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THIS OR ANY OTHER MARKET IN N. C. ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS, AT THE CASH MARKET PRICE. EXAMINE OUR STOCK BEFORE YOU PURCHASE ELSEWHERE.

COLE & AMIS,

WEST MARKET STREET,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

MARCH 16, 1859.

BLANK WARRANTS—FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

The following is worthy the attention of all who are interested for themselves or friends:

LAFAYETTE, IND., JULY 31, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I was attacked about five months ago with a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and doctors (the most respectable in this city) said that I had inflammation or consumption of the lungs, and after exhausting their skill without relief to me, pronounced my case incurable. I commenced taking Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry about six weeks ago, and in four days I was able to walk all over the house, and am now a well man.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE HOOVER.

ABOVE I HAND YOU A PLAIN STATEMENT FROM GEO. HOOVER, OF THIS CITY, WHO IS WELL KNOWN, HAVING LIVED HERE SOME TWENTY YEARS. THE DOCTORS ATTENDED HIM SOME THREE MONTHS, AND GAVE HIM UP TO DIE, BUT WISTAR'S BALM CURED HIM.

D. R. W. WILSTOCK, DRUGGIST,

LAFAYETTE, IND.

NON GENUINE UNLESS SIGNED I. BUTTS ON THE WRAPPER.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.'S

REPRINT OF THE BRITISH REVIEWS, AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

L. SCOTT & CO., NEW YORK, CONTINUE TO PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING LEADING BRITISH PERIODICALS, VIZ.:

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY (CONSERVATIVE.)

2. THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (WHIG.)

3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (FREE CHURCH.)

4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (LIBERAL.)

5. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (TORY.)

THESE PERIODICALS ABLY REPRESENT THE THREE GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN—WHIG, TORY, AND RADICAL—BUT POLITICS FORMS ONLY ONE FEATURE OF THEIR CHARACTER. AS ORGANS OF THE MOST PROFOUND WRITERS ON SCIENCE, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AND RELIGION, THEY STAND AS THEY EVER HAVE STOOD, UNRIVALLED IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS, BEING CONSIDERED INDESPENSABLE TO THE SCHOLAR AND THE PROFESSIONAL MAN, WHILE TO THE INTELLIGENT READER OF EVERY CLASS THEY FURNISH A MORE CORRECT AND SATISFACTORY RECORD OF THE CURRENT LITERATURE OF THE DAY, THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THAN CAN BE POSSIBLY OBTAINED FROM ANY OTHER SOURCE.

EARLY COPIES.

THE RECEIPT OF ADVANCE SHEETS FROM THE BRITISH PUBLISHERS GIVES ADDITIONAL VALUE TO THESE REPRINTS, INAS MUCH AS THEY CAN NOW BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF SUBSCRIBERS ABOUT AS SOON AS THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

TERMS.

FOR ANY ONE OF THE FOUR REVIEWS \$3.00

FOR ANY TWO OF THE FOUR REVIEWS 5.00

FOR ANY THREE OF THE FOUR REVIEWS 7.00

FOR ALL FOUR OF THE REVIEWS 8.00

FOR BLACKWOOD AND ONE REVIEW 3.00

FOR BLACKWOOD AND TWO REVIEWS 5.00

FOR BLACKWOOD AND THREE REVIEWS 9.00

FOR BLACKWOOD AND THE FOUR REVIEWS 10.00

PER ANNUM.

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY (CONSERVATIVE.)

2. THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (WHIG.)

3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (FREE CHURCH.)

4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (LIBERAL.)

5. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (TORY.)

REMARKS.—FLOUR RECEIPTS ARE GOOD, SALES ARE RATHER LIGHT BUT HOLDERS ARE FIRM.

CORN ARRIVALS ARE FAIR, AND SALES HAVE BEEN MAINTAINED MORE FREELY TO DAY, AT FULL PRICES.

WHEAT—SOME LOTS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AND SALES HAVE BEEN MADE, PRIME WILL SELL FOR OUR HIGHEST QUOTATION, THE LARGEST PORTION OFFERED IS ONLY OF FAIR QUALITY, AND MUCH VERY INFERIOR.

PEAS OF ALL KINDS ARE NEGLECTED, THE RECEIPTS OF BLACK AND CLAY ARE RATHER LARGE FOR THE SEASON.

STAVES ARE DULL AND LOWER.

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From Europe.

PROSPECTS OF WAR.—The steamer Nova Scotia, from Liverpool, on the 9th, brings advices more pacific. A pacific article in the Moniteur had caused a rise in funds at London, Paris, and Vienna.—Prince Napoleon had resigned the Ministry of Algeria, which added to the confidence in peace.

MISCELLANY.—The young Prince of Prussia, grandson of Queen Victoria, has been named William Victor Albert.

The Swiss Federal Council has issued a circular announcing a determination to maintain the neutrality and integrity of Switzerland.

The health of the King of Naples was such it was supposed he would never be able to rule again. The Queen conducts all State affairs, and is reported to have caused the King to sign a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Austria.

AUSTRIA.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—It is stated from Vienna that the views of the Emperor had become determinedly warlike, and he was much embittered against France. The Cabinet of Vienna had agreed to maintain 150,000 men in Lombardy, and create fortifications in all directions. The Emperor proposed visiting Lombardy. Lord Cowley was expected to leave Vienna on the 5th inst. Several banquets, court and official, had been given in his honor. It was stated that his first interview with the Emperor was unsatisfactory: but, according to late telegrams, subsequent negotiations had led to hopes of a successful result. It was stated in military circles that the Archduke Albrecht and Baron Hess had been made Marshals.

INDIA.

THE END OF THE REBELLION.—A general order from the Governor-General contains the following:

"Lord Clyde announces that the campaign in which the troops under his immediate command have been engaged is closed, and that rebellion no longer exists in Oude."

On the application of Jung Bahadur British troops had entered Nepal, to assist in the reduction of the fugitive rebels.—He had also issued a proclamation to the effect that he would surrender to the British Government all insurgents found within his territory. Sir Hugh Rose was making active preparations for the destruction of the forts in the possession of the Rohillas.

Correspondence of the London Times.

Deplorable Condition of the Chinese Rebels.

We have just returned from our interesting expedition up the Yangtze Kiang. I doubt not you will be surprised to hear how utterly devoid the waters of the Yangtze-Kiang are of all junk trade. There was not a single trading junk at the point at which it is entered by the Grand Canal nor until we pass the Popang Lake are there any signs of river life, and then only a very scanty allowance.

The low estimates some of us had formed of the rebels turned out quite correct. I had an opportunity of visiting some of their chiefs. I was quite disgusted with their disorderly appearance. Their pretensions to Christianity are of the shallowest description. They are polygamists, opium-smokers, and the only Bible example they seem to follow is that of the Israelites in the conquest of Canaan. The whole country has been laid in ruins, the women are carried off, the men pressed into service, and fire and bloodshed mark their track everywhere. They seem, however, to be on their last. The apathetic Imperialists are gradually closing in upon them, and any other government but the Chinese would crush the whole thing in a week.

They asked us to sell them arms, and we had secret applications for opium.—They live on the peasantry, whom they squeeze, and are bloodsuckers who must be got rid of, if we intend to establish a healthy circulation, so essential to trade.

The scenery is very fine in parts, and the river presents no great difficulties of navigation. In its present condition I do not recommend people to indulge in a too sanguine estimate of its capabilities for commerce.—Hankow and the cities above Gunking, the last rebel port, are recovering.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The Overland Mail Company, as previously noticed, is suffering from the depredations of the Camanches. Some eighty head of mules have been run off at a station on the Lower Reserve, twelve miles the other side of Fort Belknap. These mules formed part of a drove which the Company had purchased in California and Texas, and were about distributing among the various stations. A company of Rangers had started in pursuit of the savages, and had traced them as far as the "Clear Fork." At last accounts they were still on the trail, with strong hopes of soon overtaking them."

The weather is fine.

GALLANT ACT OF AN ENGINEER.—On the night of the 22d ult., as the passenger train was passing along the New Albany and Salem railroad, near Linden, Ind., the engineer perceived a human figure ahead, and instantly blew his whistle and shut down brakes. The figure continued on the track, and the engineer finding it impossible to check the speed of the train, went out upon the cowcatcher, and grasped the man, as it proved to be, lifting him on to the cowcatcher unharmed. He was a deaf mute named Lave, and the gratitude of the poor fellow, when he saw the danger from which the bravery of the engineer had rescued him, was fully displayed by the most emphatic gestures. His brother, also a deaf mute, had been run over and killed about a year ago.

CANNIBALISM.—There is said to be a fine piece of satire in the last number of Atlantic Monthly, published, we believe, in Boston, advocating the revival of cannibalism as proper to accompany the revival of the slave trade. We have not seen the article, but think the subject well chosen in a periodical, of New England, which has made so much money in the slave trade, and still has, with few exceptions the monopoly of ship-building and ship-furnishing for this abominable traffic.—Richmond Dispatch.

FAYETTEVILLE TRADE.—It is believed that there will be more business done in Fayetteville this season, than has been for some years past. The busy streets and thronged stores, indicate a healthy and prosperous state of things. A few more seasons of this kind will enable Fayetteville to attain that position which she should hold, as the first commercial town in the State.

Our old merchants have bought a very heavy stock of Goods, which, in many cases, have been pretty well sold out, and they are now receiving fresh supplies. In addition to this, there have been a number of New Establishments commenced this season.—Carolinian.

Captain Daniel Brown, believed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, died at Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, on the 3d inst., at the age of eighty-eight years.

For Every Body! The Largest, the Cheapest, THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER; Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully ILLUSTRATED and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

TERMS in advance: 1 copy \$2; 6 copies \$10; 10 copies \$15; 50 copies \$50—~~and~~ And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

Editors will confer a favor by inserting on notice.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA: FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. French, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones.

Miss Bettie Carter, Assistants in Literary Departm't.

Miss E. E. Morphis,

Miss A. M. Hagen,

Miss L. C. Van Vleck,

Miss M. A. Howlett,

Miss Patti Cole.

Rev. J. Bethel,

Mrs. J. Bethel,

Miss M. Jeffreys.

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$60; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue sash, plain white jacquard. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11-1y)

150,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

One Million Five Hundred Thousands of Pounds good Cotton and Linen Rags.

For particulars address,

Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,

Forestville, Wake county, N. C.

March, 1859. 12:6m.

Business Cards.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street,
opposite city hall, New York.

Country orders carefully attended to.

Feb. 1859. 6-ly

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL. Successors to
T. J. PATRICK,
Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., be-

longing to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co.,

are now offered at Cost!

MERCHANTS and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS,

will do well to call and examine for themselves,

as the stock on hand must be sold for the pur-

pose of Closing up the Concern.

All persons indebted to the firm must

call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.

March 22, 1858. 115-4

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE
JOURNAL will commence with the
next year, and the first number will be issued
about the middle of January. It will be pub-
lished monthly, and each number will contain
not less than thirty-two pages of reading
matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine
paper and in a style fully equal to the present
volume; the aim of those who have charge of

it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in

the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State
Educational Association and under its control.
Through its pages the General Superintendent
of Common Schools will communicate with the
School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teachers and other
friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)
FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time,
or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per
annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....\$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested
to act as agents.

Journal and Times.....\$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest num-
ber of subscribers (not less than thirty) before

the first of January, will be entitled to half a
page of advertising for the year: The one send-
ing the next largest number will be entitled to

to the fourth of a page: And each one sending

25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceed-
ing eight lines.

All communications should be ad-
dressed to J. D. CAMPBELL Resident Edi-
tor, Greensboro', N. C.

March 22, 1858. 144-4

50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—

The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE
Works with two threads, making a double lock
stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if even
fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as
well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin,
and is undeniably the best machine in market.

Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House
Keepers, are invited to call and examine for
themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston,
N. C., having tried other machines, buys one
of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far bet-
ter than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency
for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any
of the towns of North Carolina, except in the
county of Wake which is secured to Messrs
Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of
Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston,
should apply soon to the undersigned, agents
for the State. We will pay a reasonable per-
cent. to all persons taking agency.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

COLE & AMIS.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD

Most respectfully call the attention of
the public to their large and attractive supply
of FALL and WINTER GOODS, con-
sisting in part of DRY GOODS, GROC-
RIES, Ready-Made Clothing &c.

Their stock was selected with great care, and
not having very expensive families to support,
they offer great advantages in prices, as well as
up a stock at all times replete with the
newest and most desirable goods.

Merchants in good credit are invited to ex-
amine our stock when they next visit Baltimore,
and they will promote their own interest by
doing so.

Orders by mail carefully executed when ac-
companied by satisfactory references.

Feb. 1859. 6-3m

SPRING IMPORTATION 1859.

ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

RIECONS, MILLINERY,
SILK GOODS, FLOWERS, RUCHE, FLATS

—AND—

Straw Bonnets,

No. 237 Baltimore Street,

BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.

BALTIMORE.

Offer a Stock unequalled in the United States

in variety, extent and cheapness.

(5:3m pd.)

A VIRGINIA LADY is desirous of

obtaining a situation in some College

or High School, as principal or assistant
teacher in the Department of Music. She has

had unlimited opportunities, and flatters her-
self that she can give entire satisfaction.

If wanted can also instruct in Wax Fruit,

Grecian and Oriental Painting. Address,

Miss ALPHIA BETA, Horse Pasture, Henry Co., Va.

Feb. 1859. 6-4m

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Change of Proprietors.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE CIRCUS.

"O, Benny," exclaimed little Robert as he met his schoolmate one morning, "the Circus is coming! I see'd the man puttin' up the pictures down at the grocery just now. And you ought to see the pictur of the Lion from Africa; and



don't you want to see them doing so many funny things? O I'm so glad ain't you glad too Benny?" "No," said Benny, very decidedly, "I'm not glad, for I don't like circuses."

"Don't like circuses!" said little Robert, "well I do, and I've got a whole heap o' pennies aunt Julia gave me for her little post-boy, as she calls me, and I'm going to the circus when it comes," and the little fellow danced about and clapped his hands in great glee.

"I've got money too" said Benny, "a nice new dollar uncle Hardeman gave me for standing head in my spelling class all last month, but I'm not going to the circus because mother says it is a bad place for little boys; and besides, Mr. Hinman, our Sunday school teacher, says it is a bad place, and he gave us all a little book to read, about the Circus and said he hoped, after we had read it, we would make up our minds not to go, but save our money to do good with or to buy something useful; see here's my book."

"Do read it to me," said little Robert, "I want to hear what it says about the Circus."

"We'll wait until I carry this parcel home to mother, I'll be back in a minute," said Benny, and away went the good boy to deliver the package. He soon returned and sat down, with little Robert, on the steps of an old store, and read the following dialogue about

GOING TO THE CIRCUS.

MARY. Good evening, uncle William; I suppose you know that the circus is to be opened to-night, and my cousin Lucy has promised to take me with her. Are not you going?

UNCLE. No, I am not, Mary; and I am very sorry that you are going. I have determined not to go for many reasons.

M. I should like to know what they are, for cousin Lucy told me that you went with her four years ago.

U. Yes, so I did; and what I then saw, and what I have since heard, have made me resolve not to go again; besides which, do you not know that a man was killed in building the circus which is to be opened to-night?*

M. Yes, I do; but that was not my fault; I could not help his being killed, nor you either.

U. No, we could not; but if I went there, I should be thinking of the poor man all the time, and that would make me very unhappy.

M. For what reason?

U. Why, I should be thinking that to procure me that amusement a man was sent to eternity without a moment's warning, for he fell from the top and was killed on the spot.

M. But, uncle William, the man might have been killed in building a house or a ship.

U. Yes, so he might, that is very true; but Mary, houses and ships are useful things, but circuses are not useful; indeed, so far from being useful, they do much harm.

M. I should like to know what harm they do, for I have heard that in some places they allow the children of schools to go; and if they do harm, it cannot be right for them to go, nor for me ei-

* The above melancholy event took place during the erection of a circus at Swansea, in South Wales, in December, 1846.

ther. But indeed, uncle William, I cannot see what harm there is in men riding beautiful horses.

U. O there is no harm in that, but it is only part of the performance, for I have seen women doing so, standing on the saddle, gaily, or indeed gaudily dressed, with very short dresses, and throwing themselves about in an unbecoming manner. This cannot be right for you remember what the Bible says about the dress and conduct of women?

M. Yes; that they "adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety." 1 Timothy 2: 9.

U. There is none of this in the circus.

M. No, there cannot be from your account, and I see now that the exhibition encourages young women to be fond of gay dress, and to be bold and immodest in manner, and all this in opposition to the word of God. But tell me something more about it.

U. There are with every circus one or two men dressed in all kinds of colors, and their faces painted red and white, who are called "fools" or "jesters."

M. What do they do?

U. They play tricks with one another, and talk foolishness, to make the people laugh; do you think that is right?

M. No, I am sure it is not, for the Bible says that we are to avoid "foolish talking and jesting." Eph. 5: 4; and from what you say, this is practised in the circus.

U. Yes, and perhaps if you went, you might learn to do the same.

M. What you tell me makes me begin to be afraid to go to the circus, for if I went and learned foolish talking and idle words there, what should I do in the day of judgment? For I heard my teacher read in the twelfth chapter of Matthew, that "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

U. But how strange it is, uncle, that so many people go to the circus. I suppose they have no Bibles.

U. That is not the reason; they have Bibles, and read them occasionally, as you have done, but the truth is, they do not know what the circus is until they go, and then they are so pleased that they forget all the Bible says, and soon become "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God" and his word; and having gained a taste for it, they go again and again as often as they can.

M. But does it not cost money to go there?

U. Yes, it does.

M. How then do poor people and children get money, when they can hardly get food and clothing? I am sure my mother finds it hard enough to get us those things.

U. I must inform you what I have been told on this subject, for this is another bad thing to which the circus leads. In order to go there, some have been known to pawn or sell their clothes or furniture to get money, or borrow it of their fellow-workmen and others; and when pay-day comes, it must be returned, and then the wife or family must go without some necessary of life or clothing. But that is not the worst, for I have heard of masters being robbed by their servants, and even parents by their children, that they may get money in order to go to such places of amusement.

M. Oh, how very bad! I never thought that theatres and circuses led to so much that is evil, or I am sure I should never have wished to go with my cousin. Only think, some break the eighth commandment to go there.

U. But these are not all the bad consequences of the circus.

M. What, are there more still?

U. Yes, many; the performances are generally at night, and it often happens, I have heard, that persons who go to such places, when they come out, instead of going straight home, fall in with bad companions, and are induced to go to a public house, where they spend their money in beer or spirits, until they are overcome with strong drink.

M. Why the circus coming to town leads people to commit a sin which the Bible says shuts men out of the kingdom of heaven. 1 Cor. 6: 16

U. Yes; it is well known that going to such places of vanity, and then to public houses, has led to the ruin of thousands, body and soul; besides which wives and children suffer by the drinking habits of their husbands and fathers learned there.

M. O, what bad things come from going to the circus. But all do not get drunk, and spend the money in beer upon that instrument. In 1770, his famous mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with glee, an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home when it occurred; and a slave arrived out of breath, to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired, "But were none of my books saved?" "No, massa," was the reply, "but we saved de fiddle."

The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing upon that instrument. In 1770, his famous mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with glee, an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home when it occurred; and a slave arrived out of breath, to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired, "But were none of my books saved?" "No, massa," was the reply, "but we saved de fiddle."

M. Yes, so he might, that is very true; but Mary, houses and ships are useful things, but circuses are not useful; indeed, so far from being useful, they do much harm.

M. I should like to know what harm they do, for I have heard that in some places they allow the children of schools to go; and if they do harm, it cannot be right for them to go, nor for me ei-

ther. But young women cannot get into harm by going to the circus.

U. Indeed they do; for I have heard of some who rob their employers to go there; or if not that, many, in spending their own money, deprive their aged or sick parents of some help which they might have given them; and others tell lies to go there, when their employers do not wish them to go; they say they have been to see some relation or friend. And added to this, I have heard that many young women can trace their ruin to the bad company which they have met by going to the circus or theatre.

M. O, uncle, I have heard quite enough about the circus. I see now it is bad in itself, and it leads to much that is bad also. I am determined that I will not go; and I shall do what I can to persuade cousin Lucy and others to stay away.

U. I am glad to hear you say so, Mary. and I do not think you will ever repent of such a resolution; but to strengthen your determination, let me tell you something more.

M. I have heard quite enough; I do not want to know more.

U. But I must tell you one thing.

M. Well, what is that, uncle?

U. Have you not heard how many people there are in the world who have no Bibles and no ministers; who have never had an opportunity of knowing any thing about the Lord Jesus Christ, and the value of their souls, for the salvation of which he suffered the death of the cross?

M. Yes, I have heard that there are about six hundred millions in this wretched state.

U. How much better it would be to give the money to feed the poor, or clothe the naked, or teach the ignorant or to send the gospel and Bibles to the heathen, than to support theatres and circuses, which, so far from doing any good, do much harm.

M. I know now what I will do. I will ask my cousin to give me the money instead of taking me to the circus, and I will give it to send the knowledge of Jesus Christ to the poor heathen; and I will try to get all my young friends to do the same. I beg, uncle, that you will not say another word about the circus; I am quite ashamed that I ever thought of going there.

U. I am very thankful that you are brought to this mind, Mary. May God, by his word and Spirit, lead you to believe in and trust and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and ever keep you in the right way; and may many be induced to follow your good example.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durables heat: and both meeting make the best fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

A church for outcasts, exclusively, is about to be built in Cincinnati.

Quicksilver—dimes in the hands of a spendthrift.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet it may kindle the world; vast is mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.

Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good; for a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth.

Death has consigned many a man to fame, whom longer life would have consigned to infamy.

Never give counsel where it is not asked of you, especially to those who are capable of appreciating it.

There is nothing that requires stricter economy than our benevolence. We must husband it carefully if we would do any good with it.

All the cases that come before a certain New York judge are actually decided by lot; he is an able and impartial Judge, and his name—is Lott.

An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, in the kitchen, was asked: "Yea, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

Some tavern jokers hailed a clergyman in Nasbun, New Hampshire, the other day, with a request that he would settle a dispute among them. "What about?" said he. "Tell us how old the devil is?" they answered. "Keep your own family records, gentleman—keep your own family records," said he; and the fellow who said he could "head off the minister," went in, and we regret to say—treated.

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Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, scattered in the old annals of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the house keeper.

A. H. FRANCISCUS,

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